

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Which Way?

THE spectacle of the United States in the six years since 1918 does not lift the heart. In politics, in commerce, in leadership and in movements of thought and emotion the plane has been low, the direction self-centered, the scope narrow, and vision has been notably absent. In spite of feverish activity and a rather hysterical pursuit of happiness, the tone of America has been dull, with a definite slant toward vulgarity on the one hand and materialism on the other. Europe, as Mr. Garvin recently observed, has lost interest in American political and social institutions, which no longer seem admirable. Only our patterns of business standardization, our mechanical amusements and our educational experiments, which, in a period of stagnation remain vigorous, still carry Americanization throughout the world. As a nation we are largely ignorant of the causes responsible for the few economic ills from which we suffer, we are indifferent to a military situation in Europe and the East more menacing than before 1914, and, having learned little from history, still fancy that we can feather our own nest in safety while the axes shine about the tree.

Many Americans have fallen into spiritual lethargy out of sheer weariness. The moral attitude of saviors of democracy was for them maintained too long. Most Americans have been merely human: circumstances have enabled them to let well enough alone and blink the future. Strain is always followed by relaxing. The years succeeding our Revolution were morally dark; the decade after the Civil War was demoralizing; the six years since 1918 have been true to the post-war type.

Will it be six years with the fleshpots, or sixteen? Shall we fatten ourselves for the slaughter or use the foresight that distinguishes men from beasts? The answer depends upon our ability to develop leadership, or our luck in blundering, as in the past, upon it. There are plenty of candidates one hundred per cent representative of what they call Americanism, but few competent to lead in any desirable future.

If the United States has been less worthy than usual of a continuing opportunity, why has American literature since the War been so exceptionally vigorous? Because the sense of nationalism was quickened by the conflict and found immediate expression in books. Because increasing wealth has made it easier for writers to stick to their profession. Because the impersonal routine of standardized corporate business has driven restless minds into the still hazardous but highly individual trade of authorship. Because experience accumulates in exciting years and seeks expression in the duller aftermath.

Yet it is noteworthy that in the varied contribution of American writers since the War, intensity, scope, high emotion and broad vision have been lacking. Their successes have been in homely satires and in lyric, analytical verse—in special scholarly studies and narrow investigations. They have been real successes, but of little penetration. The popular imagination has not been stirred, not even the imagination of the intelligent minority.

In most of its departments American literature is taking care of itself and needs no moralistic advice or solemn warning, although it gets enough of both. We have acquired technique; we have put observation into our fiction and fresh feeling into our poetry; in a grossly complacent era we have developed a nice turn for satire and an unexpected irony. But the same lack of leadership and distaste for what may crudely be called greatness is manifest

To My Son

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

WHEN, after sleep, your eyes are wide,
Brown flowers freshen after rain,
This heart you lifted up with pride
Is swollen big with pain.

Being your mother, I foresee
All that those eyes must look upon:
Anger, and death, brute misery,
And evil not to be undone.

Being your mother, I am sick
With this foreknowledge, and I know
How other women felt this prick
Of grief ten centuries ago.

Nothing could help them then, as now
There is no help for me, or you.
I know what fed their fears, and how
Their mirth was nourished, I know too.

When, like brown flowers after rain,
Your darkly shining eyes are wide,
My heart that is the nest of pain
Quakes with the wings of pride.

Civilized Thought

By THOMAS BEER

MR. EMERSON HOUGH was once young and tender, and in that deplorable state he encountered a translation of "Madame Bovary." After the intense shock of meeting such a person followed the scientific tremor and he gave the history of Emma's neurosis to a cowboy, then awaited this hardy fellow's comment. The cowboy read and returned the book, remarked "It's a good yarn, kid. I know lots of women like the lady," and went off to his cows.

It is, I think, in "Instigations" that Mr. Ezra Pound pays his tribute to the intelligence of Remy de Gourmont by saying that one might safely bring an idea to the dead Frenchman knowing that it would be discussed as an idea, while nobody could take an idea to Henry James without wondering whether it wouldn't get rather involved with some sentiments—however honorably the American might try to discuss it—and end by being treated as a subject unfit for Henry James. And that is certainly the abiding core of our admiration for De Gourmont. He could appraise what he himself would never have thought of creating. He could dissociate not only ideas but dissociate himself from an idea—suspend the thing on a peg and look it over coldly. If it isn't possible to read again "Le Chemin de Velours" with the same startled satisfaction, there does remain a deep sense of civilization. This man was incapable of being shocked. In 1898 an American essayist said of Walt Whitman that the poet paid "civilized society" the compliment of a continued self-consciousness in its presence. I fancy that De Gourmont would have equally retorted, "Did not your civilized society, monsieur, pay to Whitman the poor compliment of a continued self-consciousness in his presence? Is not your sneer dictated by a feeling that you yourself would never have said what Whitman said, and thus that it should not have been said? And for what reason do you call your society civilized? Such terms are comparative and indefinite. In the mixture of tradition and posture that passes for the civilization of Hindustan, Whitman's ideas would have shocked nobody. They have created no shock in France to speak of, and in England they have been accepted as an honest expression, as such things are judged, of an interesting temperament. In effect, my friend, have you not made a substitution of manners—which are mere sentiments arranged for our comfort—for morals, which are essentially affairs of the individual? I deplore your reasoning as too general for usefulness and too narrow for sound criticism." No such retort would have done the slightest good to Whitman's case in the mind of his critic as the essay reveals a complete lack of imagination in every paragraph. What the situation needed was a cowboy to remark, "These are pretty good poems, Doctor. I've knew a lot of men like this fella." My proposition is that if imagination fails our criticism it should send for a cowboy. If the critic has no power of visualizing Walt Whitman, let him go forth and tend kine a while.

There seems to be something inherently repulsive to bookmen in the notion of a natural civilization. I have once or twice tried to describe a naturally civilized man to some cerebrals and have much offended their sense of fitness. In one case I wasted my time, as the young gentleman had already in print his judgment: "It is to books that we must go for wisdom." The others assumed that Regimental Supply Sergeant Clifford Robinson was an invention of mine. The assumption was flattering, but Robinson existed and the office of the Adjutant General of the Army has his record. He died of influenza

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in the literature as in the life of the United States since 1918. High comedy and high tragedy seem beyond our wish.

It will be interesting to watch this literature through the next decade. If America is to be just a great workshop for breeding and feeding, literature, of course, is doomed to mediocrity, for only the mediocre will be efficient. But such a fate is unlikely. If instinctive revolts against machine-made living do not set us upon another track, war will shake us out of the rut into a preferable barbarism. And if, to come home with these speculations, there is to be a renaissance here of eager interest in great instead of little questions (the acquisition of wealth cannot be a great question in a rich country) our books should be an index. If the next decade is one of renewed world struggle the response will come, of course, in living first and books afterward. But if war weariness gives us some years more of peace and drifting, we must seek in literature for a sign that there is still height and depth as well as energy in the American mind.

in Luxembourg. There died with him a profoundly civilized intelligence trained wholly by experience, for he read nothing but military orders and his most literary diversion was a habit of amusing himself with logarithms. I knew him for three months, and from that acquaintance dates my sincere belief that the average critic is not a wet nurse of civilization but its strangler. I needn't state that Robinson was grandly a casuist—all reasonable men are—but I make one admission about him. At the age of twenty-six he still was curious as to evening dress. Each breastplate has its hole.

A painful, recurrent poisoning, misunderstood by three regimental surgeons and two civilian practitioners of San Antonio, removed me from Battery F of the Twenty-first Field Artillery in June of 1917, put me in carpet slippers and the Supply Company of the hot regiment and in the society of Robinson, its overlord. To be Regimental Supply Sergeant in an artillery regiment argues capacity. The Sergeant must have memory and a certain tact. He must understand a tortuous and tripled variety of bookkeeping and he must be infallible in dealing with the mule—that androgynous child of Sheol. I saw Robinson in horrid complications of dead mules, missing parts of 4.7 guns, impatient officers and an unwieldy amateur assistant—myself. His casuistry was perfect. He could at once explain the death of a mule from pneumonia while it was under treatment for sore legs, the failure of his clerk to send five mess-kits and a pair of overalls to B Battery and the disappearance of four valuable maps of Leon Springs military reservation. . . . How was I to know that one shouldn't use utterly uninteresting maps to wipe a typewriter? At twenty-six Robinson's technique was invincible. He never even lied, but he could logically explain to the Supply Officer why a canister, theoretically empty, was full of governmental lemon extract, ice, cloves and outlawed gin. He was outside good and evil and already entering the third plane of being: he was beyond disgust—but not quite, for when it befell that some one must superintend the quartering and cremation of dead mules in a temperature of ninety degrees he let that experience improve me. Well, he amused himself with me in our baking afternoons when the Medical Sergeant had obligingly pumped into my feet a solution containing some drug, probably deleterious, that gave me four hours of peace. The thrilling batteries rolled in high dust below the cantonments and bugles yapped impatiently in the shallow beryl forest that covers the lovely hills at Leon Springs, and Edward, our special armadillo, perched on the sill of the Supply Office to study my discomfort under his wan stare, for he knew that I dreaded him as I dread all opportunists, and his prim, concessive cough announced that he had been many things. . . . He was older than the trees on which he sat; like the Puritan, he had been often dead and had learned the secrets of all hells; and he had been a grubber in foul ways and kept their smell upon his shell of pallid scales, and had trafficked for strange wares with Yankee whalers at Talcuahna, and, as Pepys, knew the path among ribboned wenches at Whitehall. As the Grand Jesuit in a hauberk of thin silver he saw fleets reel and crash in smoke before Lepanto and, as Emerson, involved his meaning in a cloud of words as he strolled with Bronson Alcott beside the academic Charles. All this had been to him but as the buzz of flies, and its memory lived only in the rattle of his claws on bark and in the translucent shivering of his pink, mouselike ears. His is the head on which all ways of prudence have concentrated, and his whiskers droop a little, wearily. . . . He was that sort of armadillo.

There was nothing dreadful about Robinson, a wiry, plain little man, ever so kind. Beyond good and evil there is the calmest tolerance and, now and then, the need of some one to listen. He enlisted at fifteen because his guardian uncle sent him into a town of lower Ohio to buy a milkpail and the money went in a revel of ice-cream soda, and there was the recruiting Sergeant drowsy beside his posters in some door. So the cool observation of eleven years in islands, barracks, camps, brothels, Mexican wallows dripped on me in his listless barytone, blew in vapor of his cigarettes. And he shocked me! Not his opinions did the damage, but his demonstrations. Like all bookish people I had rather forgotten that characters are never invented, that they all exist. He whistled down Lord Jim from a passing caisson, or bade me note what would happen when Prince Hal shed sergeant's stripes and blossomed in boots and silver bars and had to be saluted by old friends. Or, when my feet were well

enough, I limped along with him down East Houston Street of San Antonio by night, navigating that river of olive drab particles in which parading women seemed petals of color whirled on the male flood under lamps whose light was pent beneath tin-roofed arcades while the soldiers jammed along or idled by lit windows. In that torrent of brown thousands Robinson moved affably, a sanitary Mephistopheles in charge of a lame Faustus very shocked to find himself chatting with Aretino on a corner of Alamo Plaza where oily flares of tamale kitchens assailed the stars in gushes of orange glow, shocked less to note Encolpis and Askyltos going on in Spanish with their feud while Private First Class Giton waited its result amusedly, chewing gum. San Antonio is a liberal center, infused with Mexican custom. Monsieur and Madame Cardinal had a garden filled with pepper trees and Monsieur still likes his *miroton de bœuf* and his cook is excellent. One night the fourth at table was that blackguard transcribed by Stephen Crane in "A Man and Some Others," or so he said, and Madame was so tenderly sympathetic about my poor feet. She thought it most improper that the Government didn't supply enlisted men with pyjamas and was so worried for fear all these officers would teach her daughters to smoke cigarettes—always the best of mothers! But Monsieur didn't like me and he had the utmost objection to Lance Corporal Orestes, who sometimes came with us to town. A Western Governor let Orestes go to attend the wars, and the ugly, tall, sweet-tempered boy had come to be gently regretful about Clytemnestra—thought he had been too hasty with her. But in his Methodist heaven he could explain it all to mamma. She was good-natured, an' that was the trouble with her! This fella *Ægisthos* kep' comin' around nights, an' pop was out on the range so much with the sheep. Happened thattaway. Flemish mud shuts from his ears whatever noise the wings of Furies made, and how courteous he was to Thaïs in her soda bar! Her Paphnutius prayed aloud for her soul among mules of our Supply Company's corral until one mule wearied of his noise and kicked the poor lout's chest in. Thaïs said: "A boob is an awful thing!" and went on pouring melted chocolate down the mound of my ice-cream. I bet he has no place in the long farandole of her memory, but she liked Orestes passing well. But these Methodists!

Robinson wouldn't agree that "man is a form of ape infected with megalomania." He thought the infection much too rare, but he consented to the notion of man as a rather lovable form of ape. It wasn't man's megalomania that bored him but the peculiar awkwardness of its exhibition. He was mildly annoyed by all inexpertness. If a guy wanted fame as a horseman or a seducer or a blackjack player or a general, why didn't he go to the root of his election and really study his job? His remarks were so many little forays against self-satisfaction. In the case of my horsemanship only did he commit a full assault. He was too lazy and too affable for outcries but when he did explode there was a quality of real grandeur in his phrase. Mostly he preferred the method of Diogenes. I once asked what he thought of General Pershing, after serving under him in Mexico, and he said that the General's boots were beautifully polished. That was all. I have noted that he was very kindly.

He considered religion not as a priestly invention but as a flattery of man's ego. It gave these goofs a sort of poise to think of a Deity as their audience and the fancy of an immortal soul cheered 'em up. On the whole he rather approved of religion for commonplace people and particularly of Catholicism, which he esteemed as wonderfully effective on account of its sexual appeal. Once he had been quartered in a remote village of the Philippines where the local priests of the decayed Muslim faith were carrying on a campaign among the natives lately converted by a sterling Jesuit who had set up a handsome Calvary in a grove. The savage women prayed to the beautiful man stretched on the cross and wouldn't hear the priests and the children swarmed in a crude chapel around the image of a mother with a baby in her arms. Then one night both idols vanished, and after some wailing Mahound got back his own. And then the Jesuit sent to Manila for more images and the Cross triumphed.

Robinson wasn't much interested in that psychology of sex on which our criticism has spun like an impaled beetle for the last decade. For the psychology of inhibitions and unsatisfied desires doesn't operate among men turned free of polite morality at the age of fifteen. He said: "You refined eggs

call it 'sex.' Men call it love." He remarked of a certain Sergeant's wife that she didn't want a husband but a volcano, and that entertained me, three years later, when an exquisite critic used the same figure in the pages of *The New Republic*. He understood the alliance of rage and lust. Once he checked another Sergeant who was rating a big Southerner by drawling, "Tryin' to start a rape in San Antone tonight, you ——— fool?" Mr. Whiting Williams has noted the same phenomenon among workmen and miners. He knew that men marry infamous women because they are infamous as well as Dryden did, or Aristippos. That knowledge, graciously set forth in proper prose and in scientific terms, still affrights the timid. I don't think Doctor Freud's annotations and tabulations would have startled Robinson. A man who begins a yarn by saying, "Bughouse Kelly he married this widow in the Islands 'cause she looked like his mamma or somethin'," wouldn't go fantree over the "Edipus Complex." The neuroses on which so much horror has been expended were mainly comic to him. But he made a remark on the origin of one that I have since seen blooming in the full jargon of psychiatry in a learned review. He had never married because he couldn't be faithful to one woman, he said. Men in the politer and politest worlds stay single for the same reason, but don't admit it.

I can't agree with Robinson that a set of gaudy uniforms for our legislators would fill Congress and the White House with intelligent men, but it might be tried. He quite understood that the voluntary soldier isn't seeking glory at the cannon's mouth but wants an answer to his very private question: Am I a coward? And he knew that idealism is the safest game on earth, but many common men know that and use the word "idealist" practically as a synonym for "hypocrite," just as they use the words "personality" and "sentimental" with invidious connotations, or "philanthropist" and "uplifter." He knew so much and was so little scared by what he knew, and I hope that they haven't planted him in our official French earth between two more gentlemen, graduated dullards, for a man is dead.

If Mr. Elliott Paul, Mr. Thomas Boyd and I collaborated in a book to be called, say, "Men in Uniform," and nakedly set forth our observations as enlisted soldiers of the republic, I should be curious about the reviews shovelled through bars of our specially guarded cells by their friends and my attorneys. It would be a very valuable book. Copies of its one edition would sell for hundreds of dollars and civilized society would attend our trial for uttering it, armed with rocks. To any critic capable of seeing an implication, my share of the work would be rather annoying as it would consist of a series of quotations, something as follows:

1. "A dame that tries to teach her kid how babies get born by droolin' about flowerseed is doin' wrong to the damn flowers."—Private First Class Benjamin Brundred, 21st F. A.

2. "The only result of the current endeavor to explain its phenomena by seeking parallels in botany is to make botany obscene."—H. L. Mencken.

1. "People are a lot of junk, but a guy likes his friends just the same."—Nameless Soldier, Infantry, to be identified only by his likeness to Mr. Scott Fitzgerald.

2. "However one may deprecate—I had almost written 'hate'—the tiny treacheries and indifferences of his fellows, one thrills in response to the touch of friends."—Henry James, Esquire.

Our American civilized thought is a pretty little lacquered junk perpetually trembling under puffs from Montmartre and Kensington, and very far from it float these dories manned by careless boys unafraid of knowing what they know and not knowing that they know matters never breathed by the junk's sedate sailors. They can't be hailed in our critical *Lingua Franca* and, I'm sure, they would shock the mannerly tars of the cleanly vessel. I don't know what a hard young hellion with two flags and an obscene witticism tattooed on his belly would do in the society of gentlemen still scandalized that Dean Swift didn't like the animal called man, who mention a mere writer as Master and whisper that the most honorable of American sociologists talked bawdry under the guise of science. There is no berth for Private Brown or Sergeant Robinson in that scented fore-castle, and there never should be, for what are we without the small privilege of our neat uniform, the satisfaction of our manners—that intimate consolation of knowing ourselves all cowards together?

A Good First Novel

COMMENCEMENT. By ERNEST BRACE. Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2 net.

Reviewed by HOWARD DEVREE

PITCHING their novels by the aid of saxophones and cymbals, a veritable horde of new writers just arriving and old ones seeking a new lease on life began injecting jazz and the naughty doings of the younger generation into fiction shortly after the war. The truth about sporting, daring, fiery youth has poured from the presses in a steady stream of hectic and ephemeral best sellers. Many of them have been very exotic, most of them have been very fragmentary, and almost all of them have been thoroughly unsatisfactory interpretations of the younger generation in its relationship to the older generation and the workaday world.

"Commencement," a first novel by Ernest Brace, is one of the signs that order and perspective are slowly emerging from the welter. Although it begins very literally with a saxophone, he has abandoned cymbals and trombone: his jazz interludes are relatively unimportant. His young people sow wild oats, one or two of them with a vengeance. But Mr. Brace has seen clearly that each generation magnifies its break with its predecessor, and that the present younger generation has been exceptionally vocal.

A college honor man resolving not to be swept off his feet in "business" and ending with a compromise as old as the world is not new material for a novel. But with that as a spine for his story Mr. Brace has constructed a full life-size figure of restless youth finding its place in an uncaring void. He has done it with sympathy and irony and simplicity. And he has thrown in a portrait of a most lovable failure from the older generation—a Galsworthy-like link between the two factions. This portrait of kindly satiric old Jonathan Prail alone would entitle Mr. Brace's work to more than passing notice.

Gregory Thrumm, fresh from college, makes a brilliant start in advertising, only to fizzle out. Hating it, he keeps at it largely because of his fiancée, Leonora Prail. Her father's frequent failures and her mother's bitter wearing out make her overvalue the necessity of money.

About the time his first post-college disillusion settles on him, Gregory discovers himself to be really in love with Georgia Rossby, the secretary of his "boss," Mr. Blooker. Her indifference and independence have been a cloak for her love of him. Both are discharged the same day by Mr. Blooker, who represents impersonal, incarnate Business. Gregory makes a poor show of dissipating. His sister oversteps not only conventions but the moral law, and finds, nevertheless, with the buoyancy of the younger generation, that one may transgress without fatality. In fact her transgression is really the making of her. And Gregory, backed by the dauntless Georgia, finds that in compromise may be a half measure of success.

There are undeniably rough corners and some blastingly long didactic conversations in "Commencement." But it is an honest, painstaking piece of work, interesting throughout despite a slight lameness and the conventionality of the conclusion. It deserves a much better fate than first novels ordinarily meet.

A Study of Adolescence

THE INNOCENTS. A novel of Father and Son. By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. WEBSTER has here followed his old-time collaborator, Mr. Samuel Merwin, in making a story of the adolescent mind. But whereas Mr. Merwin is seldom interested in telling more than a brisk, semi-realistic story of youth and June and various girls in moiré and the difficulties of getting out of high school into college or the first job, Mr. Webster is trying to illustrate a significant idea. He wishes to show how youth in first grasping certain mature experiences grasps at the same time a comprehension of its elders' acts and moods which it had before completely lacked. Pendennis emerged from his affair

with The Fotheringay a sadder and wiser young man. Mr. Webster wants us to believe that he was also a young man far better capable of sympathizing with the older generation in its seeming eccentricities. The author's boyish hero, Edward Patterson of a Chicago suburb, is temporarily infatuated with a young woman whom he meets during a summer in the country. He finds revealed in the vicissitudes of this sentimental adventure the key to his father's emotions and conduct with relation to a pretty widow living next door to their suburban home.

As this suggests, Mr. Webster's book necessarily presents a dual action. We see running parallel young Edward's affair with Marion Thorne and his father's affair with Mrs. Ingraham. Edward is a sensitive, earnest, fine-hearted lad, with a bent for mechanics which gives him real promise in technological fields. His knack at installing radio sets in odd pieces of furniture provides him with remunerative employment in vacation hours and leads him to the country estate of the Willard's, where Marion is employed as governess. It is a somewhat callow passion which develops between them, and it finds a rather furtive and undignified level. Meanwhile Ed's father has sent the rest of the family to a Michigan resort and is spending as much time at Mrs. Ingraham's as he finds. His middle-aged philandering also lacks dignity, but Mr. Webster is shrewd enough to keep the reader's interest focused upon the son's mind—his play of emotion as he watches the imminent break-up of his parent's home, his growth in wisdom and tolerance.

The novel is interesting and within its limits convincing as a study of adolescence, but it fails to achieve the real significance at which it aims. We would respond warmly to the spectacle of a youth touched to finer issues by his first deep experience.

b3 Earl Street Brighton.

Wednesday:

Su

This is not to thank you for the Grouse & bird
for the 2 last numbers of Soapen Sprunge, they
are capital & the Hattati delightful: those fellows
in spectacles
character



I am come down better in search of strength &
fresh air.

Ever yours truly, dear Justice

Wm Thackeray

If I've forgot your Xmas name don't
quarrel with me

FACSIMILE OF THACKERAY'S LETTER ACKNOWLEDGING NUMBERS
OF 'SOAPEY SPONGE.'

From "ROBERT SMITH SURTEES." By Himself and
E. D. CUMING (Scribners).

rience of life. We expect to respond to precisely that in a book of this character. But the boy here is touched merely to a greater sophistication, which is not a matter of significance at all. The father's position is exceedingly simple, and we feel no conviction whatever that it deserves sympathy. He is the victim of emotional instability, that is all; and he has not even the courage to go beyond a hole-and-corner flirtation. The shock felt by the boy when the governess decides to stop holding hands with him in the dark and marry another man, and the shock felt by the father when Mrs. Ingraham decides to stop letting him compromise her daily and go to New York, are on just the same level. Neither stirs a very impressive emotion. The book's merits are brightness, liveliness, a truthful presentation of three or four very human people and a firm grasp of certain all-too-common defects of American family life; but it does not achieve what it sets out to do.

Portrait of a Peasant

THE SPANISH FARM. By R. H. MOTTRAM. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MR. R. H. MOTTRAM'S method in "The Spanish Farm" recalls one of those Renaissance portraits in which a single figure, large, simple, strongly characterized and splendidly modelled, occupies the panel, while, in the small areas which remain unfilled, glimpses of a wide landscape and groups of figures, some individualized, others mere clots of shape and color, form a background whose feeling and design reinforce the character of the main figure. For "The Spanish Farm" is simply a character study, vividly and profoundly observed, of a typical French peasant woman of the North. Madeleine, daughter of old Jerome Vanderlynden, a girl in her early twenties, is virtually mistress of Ferme l'Espagnole in the neighborhood of Hazelbrouck. Mr. Mottram shows her to us, dogged, efficient, sternly practical, passionate but unimaginative, brought into typical action, and thrown up into sharp relief by the events of the Great War. The portrait is exceedingly impressive and convincing. Reading it one is not conscious of stylistic or technical skill: it is not a matter of exquisite surfaces or delicate modelling. The portrait convinces by its sheer, uncompromising sincerity: it is a shape carved out of the solid block, a complete unity greater than the sum of all its component parts.

The other characters in the book, well defined and entirely adequate to their function, are incidental and subsidiary. Old Jerome Vanderlynden, Madeleine's father; George, her lover, son to their landlord the Baron d'Archeville; Lieutenant Skene, the English officer with whom, in the absence of her lover, Madeleine has a brief love affair,—all are real, individual and memorable, but their function is to actuate and illuminate the character of Madeleine.

The book, then, is a character study, but its novelty consists not in this fact alone—for innumerable novels have been studies of a single character—but in the additional fact that, although a character study, it is not a biography, as such a book, for instance, as Rolland's "Jean Christophe" is a biography. "The Spanish Farm" presents the character of Madeleine reacting, during the brief period of four years, to the abnormal circumstances of the war. The book is, in fact, another instance, and a very interesting one, of the increasing tendency of the novel to escape from the tyranny of plot and physical action, for in the ordinarily understood sense of the term, it has no plot. There is no progress of events, no crisis, practically no development. It can hardly be said, even, that Madeleine's character is modified by the war. The essence of her type is that it is not modified by external events. It is hard, stubborn, infinitely enduring, endlessly persevering: when obstacles and difficulties appear, it slowly and patiently works its way round them. Madeleine indeed stands for the basic peasant France, too tenacious, too deeply rooted in the soil to be more than temporarily shaken by the upheavals to which her history has submitted her.

Mr. Mottram has been remarkably successful in suggesting the gradual progress of the war throughout his novel. Though always in the background, the war pervades the book: its effect is unceasing: its laborious, confused development, the differences of mood which its various phases produced in the non-combatant population are suggested with extraordinary subtlety. "The Spanish Farm" is, in short, a novel of quite unusual excellence. It is written with such sincerity, sobriety, such absence of any adventitious decoration that under the absorbing influence of the story one is apt to ignore the real skill and artistry which have gone to produce it.

Greenberg, Inc., will bring out on September 30, in an edition limited to 1,500 copies, a volume of "Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens," by the late George Gissing. These studies were written as introductions to the Rochester edition of Dickens, but only six were published, and these were never before collected in book form. The other studies appear for the first time in the forthcoming volume. Additional interesting features of the book are a bibliography of Gissing, and a paper entitled "Dickens in Memory," by Gissing, which appeared in *The Critic* in 1902.

The Early Churches of Spain

PRE-ROMANESQUE CHURCHES OF SPAIN.

By GEORGIANA GODDARD KING. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1924. \$2.50 net.

Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER

Author of "Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Routes"

THERE are moments when the history of the history of art becomes exhilarating. It was so when Morelli first conceived the idea of looking at pictures, instead of at what had been written about them, and so opened up the entire field of Renaissance criticism, with results so profound and far-reaching that after half a century we have not to-day entirely comprehended their full significance. The work of Cattaneo was hardly less dramatic; a lad in his twenties, who died at the age when our graduate students are apt to be taking out their M. A., he saw that the gravest and most accredited professors of France and Italy had been overdating the Lombard monuments by some three centuries; he defied archaeological opinion (not then organized in the strict military fashion of to-day, it is true, but already formidable) and produced a book which will always remain fundamental for the period which he studied. Even more spectacular, in certain ways, was the revolution accomplished by Strzygowski; who reversed the Orientation of Christian art from the West to the East. The difference of our point of view brought about by his studies is almost inconceivable. Scales have fallen from our eyes; a thousand questions before obscure and perplexing become in the light of the Eastern key as clear as the Spanish sun.

But of all the advances made by the history of art in the last half century, none was more unexpected than the discovery of the early churches of Spain—a discovery which in its far-reaching and vital consequences is quite as significant as those of Morelli, of Cattaneo or of Strzygowski.

Until 1908 the general conception of mediæval archaeology had been founded on the study of the monuments of the region of Paris. Our philosophy of the subject was based on the following concepts:

All things artistic originated in France. It is impossible that French mediæval art could ever have been influenced from without. Corresponding forms in other countries must necessarily have been inspired by France.

It is inconceivable that French archaeological opinion should ever be mistaken.

France originated Romanesque as she originated Gothic.

No French basilicas were vaulted before the eleventh century, consequently no basilicas in Europe were vaulted before the eleventh century.

Spanish art, except in the seventeenth century, is rustic, crude and *retardataire*.

Such ideas inspired the archaeological literature of the beginning of the twentieth century, in other countries, in America even more than in France.

In 1908 Lampérez published his book on Spanish architecture. It was the first scientific study that had been made of the Romanesque architecture of the peninsula; it was carefully documented, and it was supported by Gomez-Moreno. Mediæval archaeologists found unrolled before their eyes a series of startling facts, quite undreamed-of in their hitherto so comfortable philosophy. For it appeared that Spain possessed a considerable number of churches antedating the year 1000, and fully documented; these not only showed relationship to contemporary works in the East, but—*horribile dictu*—notably anticipated corresponding forms in France. In especial the barrel-vaulted nave was shown to have existed in Spain centuries before it is found north of the Pyrenees.

The work of Lampérez was followed in 1919 by the equally significant book of Gomez-Moreno on Mozarabic churches. Studying Spanish art of the tenth century in detail, he had no difficulty in showing that, under the influence of the Arabs, Spanish art at this period rose to heights quite unequalled elsewhere in Europe. An architecture of the utmost grace and refinement; exquisite ivory carving; and manuscripts which must rank among the most inspired productions of human genius came to light.

The old concepts of the beginning of the twentieth century seemed to have very little left to keep them afloat except the prestige of the archaeologists who had subscribed to them and who didn't always have the courage and honesty to admit that they had made a mistake. A French scholar, Dieulafoy, was in the vanguard to repudiate the creed formulated a half century ago. The broad-minded among

the archaeologists of France have already set about revising old ideas in the light of the new facts.

The pre-Romanesque churches of Spain are therefore a subject of the most intense interest, with which every student of mediæval art must be familiar. It has hitherto been possible to study them only in the voluminous publications of Lampérez and Gomez-Moreno, which are, moreover, written in Spanish, a language which should be read by every one but, unhappily, is not always. Miss King has therefore rendered a real service in presenting this material in English in a convenient and compact form. Her little book does not waste words nor space, but it has what one wants: the facts about the buildings and the documents which establish their dates; an excellent bibliography (much the best, indeed, which has been made of the subject); a series of plans at the end of the volume, so arranged that one can find instantly what one is looking for; numerous photographic plates which, notwithstanding the small format, give clear visual images. And the book is pleasantly readable.

Those who are familiar with Miss King's previous work, however, will scarcely be surprised that she has not contented herself with gathering together what was already known of her subject, grateful as we should be to her for that alone. The extent of her travels in Spain is the despair of the rest of us; and this first-hand knowledge of the monuments breathes from every page of her book, imparting not only freshness of appreciation but adding to her descriptions new and suggestive details and a crowd of original observations.

Perhaps the most important contribution of this little book, however, is the comparison of the art of Spain with that of Italy and the East. Miss King has a way of seeing things before other people. She was the first to understand the significance of the pilgrimage routes for Romanesque sculpture, and she studied Sardinian painting at a time when the specialists in that period scarcely realized that such a thing existed. In attacking the problem of pre-Romanesque sculpture not in a regional but in an ultra-regional, ultra-continental spirit she has initiated a method which future students will certainly follow.

Scholars will also be grateful to her for straightening out and presenting in lucid and comprehensible form many questions of Spanish history bearing upon the destinies of art. Those who have had some experience of this subject know how involved and confusing Spanish documents often—I almost wrote habitually—are. Historians have in general occupied themselves little with the aspects of Spanish history which throw light upon art, and it is often a long and gruelling task for the archaeologist to find the facts which concern him. Miss King's work in this field is of very real help. She always amazes one by the extent of her reading; in this book as in her other writings one feels an insatiable mental curiosity which is, I like to think, characteristic of our American scholarship, and perhaps its finest trait.

Primitive Man and Disease

MEDICINE, MAGIC AND RELIGION. By W. H. R. RIVERS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. \$3.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER, M. D.

Associate Editor, *Annals of Medical History*

AT LAST, under this brave title, have appeared the Fitz-Patrick Lectures of 1915 and 1916, in which the late Dr. Rivers delved deep into the processes by which peoples of lowly culture deal with disease. We must state frankly that lower-dimensional beings are not easily understood. To unriddle the complicated behavior and mental constructions of a savage who supposes that his arm has been withered by a sorcerer is beyond the powers of mere ethnological plodders. Such men may know our frame and remember we are dust, but somehow they never succeed in crawling into the workings of the human mind in primitive societies. The less sophisticated the social groups they study the greater their perplexity. They welter in the prevailing chaos, fowling afool their own traps. They flounder amid crude practices and beliefs, lost in the murk of night. The poor innocents cannot see that the planet of the New Psychology is on high, redirecting all such effort, making smooth the way. They have no inkling of the real situation, which is this: that all of the suggestiveness and flavor and much of the sound interpretation in valid and ongoing ethnological

opinion today comes from the fact that psychoanalysis and anthropologist, together peering into the abyss, tell each other what they know about biologic savageries. Much is gained when, as in Dr. Rivers, the two professions are comprehended in one person.

It is mischievous to treat a savage as an illogical or prelogical creature. Man's devices to relieve the pressure of his distress in illness were only a whit less rational in early stages of culture than with us. Primitive man was roundly consistent in practice, consistent with his wild premises. His concept of disease was involved in an animistic interpretation of the universe. His belief in supernatural agencies, his reliance upon obscure forces, beclouds for us the mechanism by which he arrived at his diagnosis, prognosis, and treatment. Safeguarding human life stood the leech, the sorcerer, and the priest. There was no boundary line between medicine, magic and religion, even when there was some differentiation of function. And behold with us still a flexibility of these boundaries.

As medicine comes to extend its scope to the wider study of disorder of the mind, and reaches a higher recognition of the part taken by physical factors in the causation and treatment of disease, not only will the work of the physician be found to overlap the function of the priest, but also those of the teacher, the jurist, the moralist, the social reformer.

In the expanding ministries of social process we have witnessed a distinctive return to the collaboration between medicine and religion in what is known as the Emmanuel movement. The strange raw material about our aboriginal selves with which Dr. Rivers confronts us leads us to suspect that the mysterious property we call suggestion has lost only a mere modicum of its barbaric potency.

The emergence of medicine from its intimate associations with religion and magic, that release which came with the substitution of natural for supernatural ideas as to the immediate cause of morbid states, is a phenomenon of deeper and more essential interest to us than the comparative study of these interrelated institutions, as a matter of course. Yet a necessary preliminary to a knowledge of the origins of medicine must be the study of its relations to those other social processes with which it is associated. Dr. Rivers has blocked in the formal outline of this prolegomenary view of primitive medicine with surpassing skill. His pages advertise an elaborate technique of research and accuracy to fit the social relations of folk-medicine diffused through immense areas; a technique which was the outcome of his own field work in Melanesia. Favoring the objective method whithersoever it led him, Rivers found that the sociological, psychological and historical aspects of primitive modes of behavior towards disease strangely combined to form an illustration of those principles and methods which should guide and direct the study of the history of social institutions in general. The overlap of magic and religion upon medicine was too heavy for medicine to bear; the crushing mass of defensive and curative rites, appeals, propitiations, processes of a cumulative nature, sleights of magic, malison dodges, etc., left little room for the growth of medicine. Yet some growth there was, through epochs of unhammered savagery. Dr. Rivers spent the last six years of his life in gathering material for a comprehensive treatise on primitive medicine. That this projected ampliative volume will never be published is most regrettable, for the scope of the present work is too narrow for a full manifestation of the author's ideas, or solution of his problem.

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The Marvelous Boy

RIMBAUD: THE BOY AND THE POET.
By EDGELL RICKWORD. New York: Alfred
A. Knopf. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THIS is the first lengthy account in English, so far as I know, of Rimbaud's life and works. It is conscientious, gives what facts there are known about the poet, and tries to build up a picture of him. If that picture is not convincing it is because genius would be needed to make it so. Mr. Rickword has his interpretations of the various baffling phases of Rimbaud's development; he would not have been justified in undertaking the book if he had not. But his interpretations are generally such as might occur to an intelligent critic on first thought; none of them go deep enough to give us even a momentary comprehension of the complete figure. No critic has gone deep enough for that yet, it is true; perhaps no one ever will. Various men of talent have coined names to describe Rimbaud: M. Claudel calls him *un mystique à l'état sauvage*; Mr. Arthur Symonds says very finely that his works were "each an action with consequences"; M. Riviere is best of all in noting that "the help he brings us is to make our existence here unbearable." But no one has seen him clearly or made him credible. He will be a target for the phrase-maker and the brilliant guesser for a long time yet. Meanwhile Mr. Rickword's volume is very useful; it is full of data, some of it refreshingly prosaic. He is at his best in analyzing the poems and relating each to a spiritual crisis in Rimbaud's life, tracing in this way its development. But his style has not ripened yet; it is at the callow stage. He cannot say a thing simply, and he rarely manages, on the other hand, to impart style to his affectation. This is unfortunate.

A few things become clearer in this volume as possible explanations of Rimbaud's early abandonment of literature and his unwillingness to seek publication for his work while he wrote. There was first of all his self-centeredness; he was even in his childhood not only heedless of other people's thoughts; he despised them. Thus his vanity, which was strong, operated in a different way from that of most men. While others sought approval from their fellows, he tried to prevent any one from touching his work at all. Even a favorable opinion of it, except from a few people whom he chose, would probably have insulted him. He had none of the social virtues, as he noted often himself. "Il me sera loisible de posséder la vérité dans une âme et un corps," he said in the last words of his last book. His chief theme was himself: his own body and his own spirit; and the magnificent images he called up from nature, his reading and his fantasy, were not often means for expressing the life outside him, but almost always for symbolizing states of his soul. Imagination was not in him a means for escaping into the greater life of men and nature, but for exploring himself. This may account partly for the incredible swiftness of his development; as its condition his development may have had a primary limitation, the incapacity to go out of himself. The only culture of which he was capable was an intensive culture, and that has always more speedy returns than the other kind. He pursued it more deliberately towards the end of his literary period. He induced states of trance; he hoped to reach a stage where he would not merely see his visions, but pass into them.

By doing so he brought himself to the verge of madness. "Je ne pouvais pas continuer," he said to Isabelle, his sister, "je serais devenu fou et puis... c'était mal." Finally he bade goodbye to the attempt, and with all the impetuosity of his nature rushed off in the opposite direction. Perhaps he had recognized that what he had been trying to reach was a void, or at any rate a state which was not consonant with life in this world; and he was trying to put as great a distance as he could between himself and it. He had exhausted the possibilities of his own being to the exact degree where it did not involve annihilation or madness; but he never makes us feel that in doing that he had exhausted the possibilities of human life. He could not universalize himself, and the laws which governed his development were not those which govern the development of humanity. For that reason he is a peculiarly limited poet, even if he is a very great one.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Paris Crowd

ONE of the delights is that you know no one and none knows you. That free and solitary passage among multitudes can never quite be attained at home; perhaps only in a foreign city where different language and different aspect of things turn the mind in upon itself for its needed reassurance and composure. There is something divine in the sensation of your secret swim through this human ocean. You carry your own heavy and fragile burden of hopes, anxieties, joys, remorse, and you know that you will not, from *café crème* at breakfast to *café cognac* at midnight, encounter any one who has the faintest concern to share or jostle that curious load. So must the gods have walked among men. And you marvel at those voyagers who hasten to inscribe themselves in the register at the American Express office, to have their names and hotels chronicled by the *Herald*—in short, who so readily abandon that most rare and refined of human pleasures, the perfect incognito.

Perhaps the most thrilling crowd in Paris is the crowd in *Père Lachaise*—the crowd of the dead. I wanted specially to see again the monument Aux Morts in its little green ravine. There were some particular graves I should have liked to see, too; but I felt it would be the depth of bad manners to go hunting them out with the aid of a plan. In that perfect democracy of silence only the vulgarest of snobs would be picking and choosing, looking for "famous" tombs. It was a grey drizzling day, the stone-ranked hill was very solitary, and I strolled at random, content (so I found myself rather gruesomely putting it) with the monuments I happened to pass. I will be honest: I had a faint velleity to see the grave of Oscar O'Flaherty Fingalls Wills Wilde (I believe he is buried there) because any man devoted to publishing has a natural interest in the writer who has caused more bogus *de luxe* sets than any other (except perhaps Maupassant?). I wanted to see if the Epstein sphinx which once caused such a row, was finally erected. But I didn't find it; and was more than compensated by discovering the tall shaft that the City of Paris has put in memory of her municipal workmen—pipe layers, car conductors, electricians and others—who have lost their lives in the course of duty.

I don't know (perhaps Sir Thomas Browne or Lord Bacon were the only prowlers who have known) exactly what one feels among these crumbings of mortality. What is our aesthetic of the dust? Is it a small and shamed superiority, to be still topside the gravel? or is it even more disgusting self-pity? At any rate, that noble Aux Morts, unspeakably beautiful tableau of human grief and courage, sends one away with the thoughts "of things that thoughts but tenderly touch." What a thrilling suggestion it gives of our poor final dignity. You see the dying as they approach the end: they come crouching, haggard, stooped in weakness and fear; but at the sill they straighten, shakingly brave, to face that shut door. The man, more sullen or more fearful, still hangs his head. But the woman's face is lifted, and her hand is gently on his shoulder.

If one tries to be honest, he has to be cautious to note where genteel sentiment begins to slide into mere self-concern. After an hour or so of rambling, *Père Lachaise* begins to weigh on the mind, and crush the purest aesthetic. You are no longer, as the excellent phrase is, disinterested. That congregated mob of the dead is jumbled in an order as rigorously fantastic as names in an index. (Why should the man who invented gas-lighting have so much smaller a tomb than Napoleon's generals who adjoin him? But come to think of it, perhaps his real monument is in Lamb's essays.) You begin to feel an uneasiness, and speculate on the words *Concession à Perpétuité* cut in so many stones. Yes, you say, we must all concede to Perpetuity; but in the meantime, where shall we have lunch? If you feel the pricklings of self-pity, I think it sanative to pause on your way out to look at the grave of De Musset, the enchanting poet and wit who was so gorgeously sorry for himself. He asked to have

a commiserating willow over his tomb; and I noticed that the growth of the tree has made it necessary to cut away part of the stone, removing one of his own poems that he wanted engraved there. There is a kind of hint in this. More loyal than the willow, his dear old sister sits chaired in stone just behind him, faithfully holding a volume of his poems in her lap.

The preceding paragraphs were written three weeks ago, and have been lying here on the table. If the two merry little chambermaids of the Hotel G—— could read English—as I know they can't—I wonder what they would make of them? But perhaps chambermaids in the Latin Quarter are too sagacious to ratiocinate about the guests. They sit in their little pantry at the foot of the stairs and chirp like canaries; and when you come in, both run out (some day some social scientist will explain why French chambermaids always move in pairs), exclaiming excitedly that there was a telephone call from "The Lady at the Ritz." I wish that the best of life were not so inerrantly humorous! I should like to tell you how two telephone calls (you must take my word for it that the incident was excellently innocent) vastly improved my status at the tiny Hotel G——.

But I'm glad the earlier sheets lay unmailed, because my notes on the sense of secret solitude in Paris require supplement. They were written when my wandering had been done mostly in the old streets of the Left Side. I have learned since, pleasantly enough, that along the Avenue de l'Opéra on the Rue de Rivoli one is certain to encounter friends from home. That peculiarly intimate feeling of utter anonymity is very real and precious, but like all human sensations it quickly passes into a new phase. Apart from the chance tangency with friends, whom one may welcome either for merriment or for advice, it is remarkable how quickly the transplanted life puts out its new fibres, makes its unconscious adhesions, begins to think of the old women in the newspaper-kiosk or the man behind the coffee-bar as its natural associates. It is not far wrong to say that two of the most amazing phenomena in Paris are the number of Americans in the region of the Opera, and the number of Chinamen along the Boule' Mich'. For the latter phenomenon I have no explanation, unless they have fled the chop suey restaurants of Upper Broadway. My friend the Old Mandarin (who is here, too) notes that these young Celestials wear the biggest and broadest-brimmed of the black hats, that they talk French fluently, and are greatly esteemed by the girls of the Latin Quarter. Certainly there are enough handsome women in the world to go round, and I am the last to complain: yet some faint residual shred of race instinct causes me a mild surprise when I see a merry young Chinaman with a smart French damsel on each arm. Coming from America, the land of vehement taboos, one is greatly struck by the Parisian freedom from the cruder forms of prejudice. They really seem to dislike no one but their own politicians.

But it is a city, I still feel, uneasy in its inward heart. The statue of the boy offering masks for sale, in the Luxembourg Gardens, is rather symbolic. In his string of faces there is not one that is tragic. Doesn't that contradict your notion, a friend says, that Paris is anxious inside?

I don't think so. What is the purpose of a laughing mask?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"A personal opinion is a personal opinion," says Stephen Graham, "but I would say the best book of Conrad's is 'The Nigger of the Narcissus,' the best sea story of Jack London's is 'The Cruise of the Elsinore' and the best play of Eugene O'Neill's is 'Anna Christie.'"

"Jack London is rawer than Conrad; less cooked, less finished and embellished, and possessed perhaps of more literary vitamins. Wholly inferior as an artist, he nevertheless presented life with inspirational power. There is not so much of the "old man" about him. He is a younger mariner, jolly-ing you into a public-house. He at least treats you to no post-mortem examinations. He may resurrect the 'seafaring man with one leg,' but he will not kill him again. The wedding guest may never for a moment forget he is due at a wedding somewhere, but London has sufficient power to say, 'Curse the wedding; come along!'"

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Books of Special Interest

Curious Encounters

THINGS I KNOW. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

A CHRONICLE of curious encounters as journalist, Secret Service agent and London clubman, Mr. Le Queux's volume is the repository of a kaleidoscopic succession of anecdotes in which "kings, celebrities and crooks" in turn play the leading rôles. It is a picturesque narrative not by reason of any felicity of presentation—Mr. Le Queux, indeed, sets forth his material with matter-of-fact disregard for the graces of style—but because of the essentially dramatic quality of some of its incidents and of the piquancy which always attaches to gossip of the great or near-great in their moments off guard. Queen Victoria, complacently sporting a cotton sunshade among the fashionable throngs of Nice and prudently handing it over at the end of the season to the Princess of Wales for use during the following summer; King Edward, then still the Prince of Wales, kissing the Baroness de Hirsch's hand in recognition of her remission of his debts to her husband and promising in return always to be kind to the Jews on his accession to the throne; Karl Franz Josef, afterwards Emperor of Austria, abstracting his mother's magnificent jewels from their case to hang them on the neck and arms of a popular opera singer who later ungraciously parted with them for a substantial sum; Lady Cadigan, imperious, daring, living in magnificent state, treating her guests with extraordinary lavishness and intruders with insolence; Mme. Humbert, whose gigantic fraud built up on the flimsy story of an unlockable safe containing millions of dollars worth of securities and bolstered by an elaborate lawsuit instituted by herself, was the sensation of her generation; Landru, whose murders a few years ago filled columns in the newspapers all over the world; pretty Ethel Muirhead, a German spy, now a much-photographed peeress of the Britain realm—kings, queens, murderers, spies in long procession pass through Mr. Le Queux's pages.

Discretion no doubt played a large part in his success as a confidential adviser to the British Government, and the habit of discretion is still strong upon him. His book is on its face an unguarded chronicle, a revelatory collection of odds and ends of secret history. Yet the alert reader will not have dipped deep into its pages before he becomes aware of the fact that the tidbits of gossip that are assembled for his regaling are of small importance. There is nothing that Mr. Le Queux tells us about his variegated society that is in any way startling in the light that it sheds on episode or character; in the rare instances in which he blurts out the facts that might incriminate figures conspicuous in the social or political world he wisely and blatantly withholds their names. Some of the most interesting passages of his narrative have to do with his attempt to impress the British Government in the years before the war with the existence of an elaborate German espionage system in the United Kingdom. Like Lord Roberts, whose friend he was and who made generous acknowledgment of his assistance in the crusade to apprise the country of German machinations, Mr. Le Queux preached in season and out the danger of German hostility. As in the case of Lord Roberts, public and press long disregarded him. "My dear Le Queux," wrote the editor of one of the important London dailies in returning a letter of warning, "we cannot publish this! Spies exist only in your imagination. We don't want to alarm the public." Quite naturally Mr. Le Queux

gets some quiet satisfaction out of having events confute the editors.

The Jews in America

THE JEWS IN THE MAKING OF AMERICA. By GEORGE COHEN. Boston: The Stratford Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by CHARLES S. BERNHEIMER

THE author of this volume shows the impression of the Old Testament on the thought and action of the early settlers of this country, and then proceeds to indicate the activities of individual Jews in the several movements which form the history of the United States. Mr. Cohen's conception, for the most part, is that the contribution of the Jews to the making of America means the individual participation of a number of Jews. He therefore contents himself with an enumeration of exploits of individuals of Jewish origin who have taken a prominent place in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the World War, and of brief sketches or references to those who have been active in the economic life, in the American theatre, in literature, music, art, science and the professions, and in public and religious life.

In this enumeration there is little evidence of an attempt at evaluation. The Jew who has the greatest space allotted to him in "Who's Who," the Jewess who is the youngest woman to be admitted to the practice of the law in a particular state, and the youngest lawyer ever raised to the judicial bench, are all alike worthy of distinctive mention as makers of America. A group of Judges, almost all of them of New York City, is cited, with no indication of Jews occupying judicial positions elsewhere. Nor is there an attempt to show adequately the influence of these and other distinguished Jews in Jewish communal life or in the community in general.

Mr. Cohen has utterly failed to indicate cultural and social contributions on the part of the Jews of America as a group. He has made no reference to the movement which evolved the Jewish federations of philanthropies and its effect in promoting the federation plan generally, to the social service activities under Jewish auspices, to the post-war relief organization of the Jews of the United States, to the Americanization activities of Jewish organizations throughout the country, to the activities of Jewish centers and recreational organizations, to the synagogue movements, to the development of Jewish education, to the achievements of such organizations as the Jewish Publication Society, the American Jewish Historical Society and the American Jewish Committee, to the Jewish Encyclopedia, except that here and there a slight reference is made relative to an individual. In this connection it is to be noted that there are a number of errors in the spelling of names of individuals.

The volume lacks reference to sources, which a work with so ambitious a purpose should contain, and though one should give credit for the compilation of the historical portion of this material for what it is worth, though it comes largely at second hand, it is greatly to be regretted that the author has not turned out an authoritative piece of work. Even from his own point of view, he has not compiled his material with that care and judiciousness which we have a right to expect from a book heralded on its cover as containing "a general survey of the Jew in the various domains of American life, the literary, the musical, the scientific and the religious."



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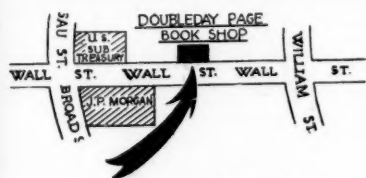
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Foreign Literature

Discovering Paradise

DIE ENTDECKUNG DES PARADIESES (The Discovery of the Paradise). By FRANZ VON WENDRIN. Braunschweig: Georg Westermann. 1924. (New York: Atlantic Book and Art Corporation. 1924.)

Reviewed by ERICH POSSELT

FOR centuries past scientists and scholars of all nationalities and creeds have been trying to establish the exact spot where the biblical paradise was located. The Bible itself contains only few and scattered remarks as to what rivers and countries surrounded the Garden of Eden. However, up to now it was rather universally accepted that Mesopotamia, the land bordered by the rivers Euphrat and Tigris, was actually the late home of Adam and Eve. The Bible enumerates four rivers as belonging to the paradise proper, namely, the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel and the Frat, and it was thought that Frat might be identical with Euphrat. Now, however, Franz von Wendrin, a German nobleman and archaeologist, comes to the fore and states that none of those rivers had anything to do with the Orient. He claims to have deciphered an age-old language chiseled upon the rocks near Bohuslän in Sweden; and, according to those pictures—so Herr von Wendrin says—the paradise could not have been located anywhere else but in a Nordic country. By some roundabout reasoning, and by some juggling with words, sound, similes and deductions, von Wendrich finds that the four rivers referred to in the Bible are none other than the Peene (Pison), the Warte (Frat) and two of their subsidiaries in Mecklenburg, Germany. Asur, the land which, according to the Bible, bordered the paradise in the East is "Asen-Land"; Kusch is—we quote the learned Teuton—"Goths"; Havila (another word from the Old Testament) is "Havel-Land." Jahve himself was no other than a Germanic chieftain, the Cherubs and others surrounding him his tribesmen, while Adam and Eve were uneducated, uncultured Jews enslaved by them. How this strange "scientist" reasons is best illustrated in connection with the Hebrew term Jahve. "In Hebrew," Wendrin says, "God is Adonaj; this word, however, is but seldom used as it means: Adonaj—Ab-Donaj—Father Dane, and proves conclusively that the Hebrews were slaves of the Danes or Germans, whom they considered to be semi-gods." By similar methods Wendrin "proves" that Eve is the "Woman of the Apple," and draws a line from Eva (Eve) to Apfel ("apple") and Havel (river in Germany). While the Bible speaks of a "fruit" given Adam by Eve, it is actually believed that this fruit was an apple. Now then, Wendrin concludes, if Eve handed out an apple the paradise could not possibly have been located in a Southern country where apples do not grow. For there Eve would have tempted her credulous husband with a banana or a date—the fact that, after sinning, they used fig leaves to the contrary notwithstanding. For figs are grown in Mecklenburg, too, and what's more, "climatic conditions might have changed since." You see: Herr von Wendrin uses every argument in favor of his theory, while any attempt to beat him at his own game is branded as a malevolent falsification of historical facts. Thus gold, which, according to the Bible, existed in the paradise, "might have been found in Germany"; the stone "Shoham" is amber found in the Baltic, "Bodolach" is the German word "Bonden(be)lag" (whatever lies on the ground), or else resin running down from the trees.

If every similarity of sound fails, if the author of this unique book cannot find any suitable explanation of a word either in English, German, French, Hebrew, Latin, Hungarian, Greek, Swedish, Sanskrit, Danish or any other existing or non-existing language, he proudly withdraws behind those mysterious stone-drawings in Sweden which he, and he alone, has deciphered, "by his own, original methods"; for against their dictum there is no appeal. Meanwhile he is satisfied that the original town of Jerichow is in Germany, as is the river Jordan, and that those names were simply usurped by the Jews when they were driven out from the German paradise and were wished upon some new settlement whither they migrated.

My work proves conclusively [Herr von Wendrich states] that German is the only truly scientific language; all other languages, as

French, English, Latin, Greek, not to speak about others, are unimportant. A foreign scholar may master as many languages as he desires; without a thorough knowledge of German he is only half a scholar. . . . My work is of importance not only for us Germans and other noble-blooded races, but also for all educated people of the entire world.

Is it necessary to say that "Die Entdeckung des Paradieses" has caused a sensation in Germany?

Foreign Notes

THE *London Mercury*, in discussing the exhibition of books printed in Great Britain in 1923, arranged at the Medici Gallery, says that "by far the finest volume shown is the splendid edition of Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' which is the latest of the great folios which St. John Hornby has printed at his Ashendene Press. The stanza's, printed in double columns, show on the facing faces all the yrecision of well-drilled soldiers in uniforms. The heavy 'Subiaco' type is lightened by blue initials and by the pure vermilion used for the rubrication."

A NEW Moscow periodical, the *Russky Sovremennik* ("Russian Contemporary"), of which Maxim Gorky is one of the editors, has published a letter written by Tolstoy to Professor Eugen Reichel, a German Shakespeare student, which was recently discovered in the Moscow Tolstoy Museum. The following extracts are from a translation published in the *Morning Post*:

Yasnaya Polyana, 2-15 March, 1907.

One thing I know beyond doubt, and that is that not only the majority of plays attributed to Shakespeare, but all of them, not excluding "Hamlet," etc., are not only undeserving of the praise which is usually showered on them, but, as regards artistic merits, are beneath criticism. . . . One would be inclined to express astonishment as to how people who have read your book can still continue to be enraptured with the pseudo-beauties of Shakespeare, if one did not bear in mind that peculiar faculty of the mob, in accordance with which . . . in judging a work of art for the comprehension of which they have no criterion of their own, they obstinately repeat what has been impressed on them by the majority. I wrote—long ago—on Shakespeare, quite certain that I should not succeed in convincing any one, merely wishing to proclaim publicly that I refuse to be hypnotized by the opinion of Shakespeare held by the general public.

Studying the process by which public opinion is formed in the present conditions of a widespread publicity of the press, consequently, people, thanks to the newspapers, are able to read and judge about the most important matters without having any knowledge of them, and in view of their insufficient education, not even having acquired the right to judge; when the hack-writers of the daily press, who are just as little qualified to judge, are writing and publishing their opinions on these matters; with the present universal development of the press it is not so much the false judgments which have firmly imbedded themselves in the minds of the masses that give cause for surprise as the fact that one still incidentally, although very rarely, comes across correct views. This applies particularly to the appreciation of poetical works. . . . In our days it is the masses who . . . determine the merits of works of art. And in a crowd the stupid ones and those who are incapable of appreciating art are always in the majority; therefore public opinion on art is always coarse and mistaken. So it was in all times, and so it is in our day, when the effect of the press tends more and more to unite all those who are unresponsive to art and thought. So it is with art—in literature, in music, in painting this has culminated in the astounding examples of the success and laudation of works which are devoid, not only of artistic, but also of common sense.

And therefore I am not only hoping that the false utterances of Shakespeare and other ancients (I do not wish to name them, so as not to irritate people) will perish, but on the contrary I am expecting and already see the establishment of the fame of new Shakespeares, founded only on the stupidity and dullness of the press and the general

(Continued on page 117)

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Intellectual Bolshevism

By Princess RADZIWIŁŁ

TALKING one day with one of the cleverest men in New York, an editor of wide experience, I asked him why it was no newspaper or magazine would publish anything concerning the great war, in spite of the fact its memory was still so vivid in our minds. His reply was characteristic. "One cannot write now about the war, one ought to forget it," he said; "it is only after we have outlived it that it will be possible to mention it again."

It is only recently that I have understood the deep meaning of these words. Whilst I was, after a long interruption, acquainting myself again with modern Russian literature and with new young Russian authors, I then realized what it was my friend had meant by talking about outliving the war. The Russians have not outlived it, neither can they outlive Bolshevism, which perhaps is more natural, and the result has been that their innate morbidness has taken one and the same direction, and that they can think and write only in war terms, if I may be allowed to use the words. Individuality as well as talent has been drowned and submerged in this war agony, with all that it implies, with all that it has brought about, with all that it has destroyed. Probably this was inevitable, and Tolstoy and Tourgueniev, if they had been alive, would also have succumbed to this dissolving influence, but it is nevertheless greatly to be regretted and deplored because there is still much talent in Russia and its modern literature, in spite of the difficulties which surround it, might rank very high from an artistic point of view but for this tendency of always bringing the war forward and never forgetting it.

Russian authors of today, no matter how talented they are, always write under the impression of the catastrophe that has submerged and destroyed their country, of the scenes of horror that have accompanied it and of the pernicious influences under which their talent has been compelled to develop itself. This may be their misfortune and not their fault, but the result is that in many cases modern Russian books leave behind them a bad taste, too often shock our finer instincts and awaken the regret that so much talent, with such intense appreciation of the different emotions that sway a human being and make him either sublime or ignoble, wonderful or commonplace, has remained to a great extent uncontrolled and oblivious of this necessary restraint in expression which no author, however colossal may be his genius, ought to ignore or to forget. Intellectual Bolshevism: this is what characterizes modern Russian literature, even the most anti-Bolshevik one, because it throws down all barriers and never hesitates to tread where angels fear to step. There is a complete disorganization of all that up to now has been considered indispensable in literature among those new authors who have come to the front since the war, which is probably due to the nomadic existence most of them are leading, far from Russia, and from its present national aspirations. There is incoherence in their books, but at the same time an intense fascination, the fascination always exercised by stories which have been lived and are not merely invented.

And this brings me to the salient point in this new school of Russian literature. It all reposes on things seen, and the imagination has little to do with the scenes described or the characters sketched. The fact of the matter is that the country has lately lived through so much that nothing a novelist could invent would reach to the heights of the things he has seen or the facts he has witnessed. This gives a violent touch of realism to his work, and also accounts for its incoherence and the lack of cohesion in its development. It also helps us to understand why all sex questions play such an important part in it because, from all that we hear, sex has never been so brutally mentioned or displayed as it is in Bolshevik Russia, and even those who have escaped out of that Paradise have become imbued with it and truly believe that it is an indispensable accompaniment to every novel or story. Here we see again displayed intellectual Bolshevism, and the lack of this sensitive feeling which causes civilized people to halt before touching on some subjects which they instinctively feel do not belong to polite conversation. Sensitiveness has disappeared from Russian literature just as it has disappeared from Russian life. Both have become hardened through contact with the rude reality of the things bordering on nightmare which have transformed them.

And yet I must repeat it, immense talent still exists among those remnants of the old Russian intelligentsia. Take for instance

the works of Krasnoff, whose great novel, "From the Two-Headed Eagle to the Red Flag," will undoubtedly rank one day next to Tolstoy's "War and Peace." It is certainly the most powerful book Russian literature has produced in the last fifteen years or so, and it is so powerful because of its descriptive force that borders on the wonderful, its talent of observation and its comprehension of the different curious elements out of which is composed the Russian character. Yet Krasnoff's second book, "Understand and Forgive," is strangely lacking in the qualities that make his first one so remarkable, although it is also a clever work. But it was written in exile and the scenes he describes have only been mentally visualized by him, which leads us to wonder whether his next production will equal the very first one and whether in general the strength of the new Russian literature does not reside principally in its keen appreciation of things seen but not thought out.

Krasnoff has had a lot of followers who have tried to imitate him and among them a woman, Madame Lepka Danilewskaya, holds undoubtedly the first place. Her two novels, "Ruin" and "Destruction," are extremely clever pictures of Petrograd society during the war and of the demoralization of the Russian army towards its end, and immediately before and after the Revolution. Some of the people she describes are easily to be recognized, and she has hardly taken any trouble to disguise their identity, which gives a touch of too strong personality to her books. But nevertheless they will be among those that will hold their own in the literary movement of the last ten years in Russia, in spite of some unpleasant passages which mar their artistic value. We don't care to read stories containing perpetual scenes of terror, related in the most horrible manner possible.

A young author, Mr. Grebenschikoff, has written a book called "The Tchouraewy" which is a description of the existence and superstitions of some Russian sectarians so persecuted under the old régime, who were compelled to hide in dark forests and underground caves to practice their strange rites. The story is as interesting as it is true, and is composed with real talent, helped by the use of powerful and strong language, and it has the advantage of being free from this taint of sex so unpleasantly prominent in most other Russian modern books.

There is a category of Russian writers who are deserving of all praise, and they are those who have given themselves for task the modernization of past Russian history by its revival in books which remind one of the novels of Alexandre Dumas Père, and who try to bring back the past before the eyes of their contemporaries through the publication of old memoirs and diaries of the last two centuries; a most interesting enterprise and one which in time will receive more ample acknowledgment than is the case today. Books like, for instance, the "Chronicle of Old Moscow, the Moscow of Griboiedow," if they ever come to be translated into foreign languages, will be of extreme use to the historian desirous of finding out what was really like this ancient, today-destroyed Russia that has sunk into the ocean of oblivion and soon will be entirely forgotten, this once great and powerful but now dead Russia.

I have not yet mentioned Leonid Andreieff's last book, the "Diary of Satan," which, although wonderfully written, is stale as to its subject and reminds one, by the way in which it is handled, of Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," without the redeeming character of Mavis Clare to soften its dark shades and with the picture of a woman with the instincts of a demon combined with the face of a Madonna to add to its unpleasantness. But then Andreieff was always a pessimist who, more than any other Russian author, represents this school of morbidness and sadness which is supposed to be the principal characteristic of Russian literature. It is, however, curious that this note of melancholy and cynical disappointment in life, which we notice even in Tourgueniev, which is prominent in some of Tolstoy's books and is always to be found in those of Dostoevsky, is almost totally absent in modern Russian novels, which in their exuberance seem to brush aside everything but a feverish haste to describe, before they are forgotten, all the things that their authors have recently seen and observed. Of these things there have been so many that they have by their very variety communicated to the Russian literature of the last few years the taint of incoherence to which I have already alluded and which I cannot refrain from calling, perhaps unjustly, Intellectual Bolshevism.

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The New Books

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WILSON AND FARINGTON. By FRANK RUTTER. Stokes. \$1.50.

JOHN CROME. By S. C. KAINES SMITH. Stokes. \$1.50.

Belles Lettres

THE PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By GEORGE S. MARR. Appleton.

ISLES OF EDEN. By LAURA LEE DAVIDSON. Minton, Balch. \$2.

Biography

LOVE LETTERS OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN. By C. H. CHARLES. Brentano's. 1924. \$4.50.

This autobiography of love letters from the eighteenth century upward is meant for reading rather than scholarship, and has been compiled from several languages by a connoisseur whose notes and introductions have gusto. The letters are familiar, but they gain by association, and the somewhat rash generalizations upon changing times and passions by the author suggest others as rash and as interesting as one reads. Love, however, is too vague a theme to string upon. Interest in personality of the various correspondents is greater than in the mode and quality of their passion. More letters from fewer writers would have made a better anthology. However, this is the first attempt at an international collection in English and it will interest where it does not satisfy. The author quotes Emerson in love, but quotes no American letters. We have not been great lovers, at least with the pen.

HERSELF AND THE HOUSEHOLD. By T. A. DALY. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. \$2.

This would be a slight book if written by a lesser man, and indeed it is only the good humored autobiography of a humorist a little diffident of your interest in himself and herself and the large family. But Tom Daly is Thomas Hood's own child and there is a pathos half released and a humor held in leash in everything that he writes, which makes it a little richer than the words of merely skillful men. His sketch (like so many of Thomas Hood's) is only half written. There was more, and perhaps the best, in the cup. Why are English journalists so profusely expressive and American Tom Daly's so coy? But the charm which this little book possesses is an evasive thing. That at least has been captured; and few poets have written a better preface and annotations for their works.

GEORGE MACDONALD AND HIS WIFE. By GREVILLE MACDONALD. Dial. \$6.

"LOUDER, PLEASE!" By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS. Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE LIFE OF CALVIN COOLIDGE. By HORACE GREEN. Duffield. \$2.50 net.

Drama

MOSES. By LAWRENCE LANGNER. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE. By WALTER PRICHARD EATON. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$4.

THE ART OF CINEPLASTICS. By ELIE FAURE. Four Seas. \$1.

AN INDEX TO ONE-ACT PLAYS. Compiled by HANNAH LOGAN and WINIFRED VER NOOY. Boston. Faxon.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD. By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER. Appleton.

Economics

TUDOR ECONOMIC DOCUMENTS. Vol. I. By R. H. TAWNEY and E. POWER. Longmans Green. \$5 net.

THE CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST. By JOHN A. FITCH. Harper's. \$3.

Education

WE AND OUR HEALTH. By E. GEORGE PAYNE. New York: American Viewpoint Society.

TARBELL'S TEACHER'S GUIDE. By MARTHA TARBELL. Revell.

Fiction

TEMPERAMENTAL PEOPLE. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Doran. 1924. \$2.

A volume of short stories has almost always, for variously assigned reasons, less appeal for many readers than a so-called "good, straight" novel. But these of Mrs. Rinehart's, long of their kind and each quite distinctive and well rounded, come as near to filling the "good, straight" bill, whatever that involves, as anything could. They are of course molded by an expert hand. Their style is incisive, clear and direct; humorous when humor is in place, tense always as a short story must be, and never—crowning virtue—at all sentimental. They do not attain the heights of great literature, but neither do they approach that large class of cheap fiction which floods the market so inexplicably.

Mrs. Rinehart is clever, and her work is, so to speak, well-tailored if not usually deep or moving. She has an advantage, too, in being at home in a wide range of interests. She writes familiarly of ranch life in one tale and of war experiences (the lighter side) in another. Or again it is a good old-fashioned romance (though told with modern terseness) of Central Europe's minor royalties, or a glimpse of one of the submerged tragedies of political crookedness. Such variety embodies both the advantages and disadvantages of the collected short story. But in this volume the standard of workmanship is set high.

THE HIGH ALTAR. By AGNES EDWARDS ROTHERY. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.

When Mrs. Rothery really gets down

to business with the dissection of her clerical hero, after a rather long, slightly conventional introductory section, the process is carried out with much dexterity and a deft accuracy: a psychological study of quite unusual quality. The Reverend Ashmead Shelly is never an intellectual heavyweight but he is intelligent, he is really conscientious, and he is capable of flashes of insight, of self-revelations in moments of exaltation. There is nothing of the saint or mystic in him, though he has a dash of artistic temperament. He has been a very successful priest and has attained the rectory of a rich, fashionable church in a New England manufacturing town. He is engaged to marry a very wealthy, aristocratic lady and he is very pleased with himself and satisfied with God's arrangement of the world, being troubled by no doubts. Then, quite accidentally, he is enlightened as to the opinion of the intelligent portion of his world about himself and his church. He learns that it regards him as a "parasite," a purely decorative adjunct of a ritual which means nothing, and that the church is wholly out of contact with the realities of life.

He is intelligent enough to see the modicum of justice and accuracy in this estimate. He feels his futility, and he also comes to realize that perhaps things are not all for the best in the best possible world, that there is suffering, injustice, frustration and misery at his very doorstep, and that he is doing nothing to help. His attempt to break out of the rut and his ultimate compromise make the story, which is worked out with much skill, along unexpected but altogether plausible, even one may say, inevitable lines. There is occasionally a sardonic note in it, but the author does not carry her analysis clear through to the logical end. But as to that, she is writing a novel, not a tract or a critical essay, and is bound, properly, by artistic limitations. It is an unusually well finished, and—with the exception of an overextended introduction—well proportioned study. One may regret that Mrs. Rothery did not see fit to call it "The Making of a Bishop," which would have been a most apt title.

(Continued on next page)

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Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

OBLIGATIONS. By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER. Century. 1924. \$2.

Readers who enjoy an artfully posed situation, wherein the actors get themselves into a mess in order to provide two or three hundred pages of agonizing over their troubles, will find this to their taste. It is fairly well built, granting the central postulate of the plot, and the characters are sometimes lifelike. Moreover, the author's manner is good: simple, clean in diction. But the story is posed. At the age of seven a little girl accidentally pushes a boy out of a swing: he is crippled for life, and she is haunted with a sense of guilt and of "obligation" to him. So when she meets him years later she offers herself to him as compensation, although she is engaged to a very eligible young man. Naturally the marriage is not entirely happy, though it is worked out to an unexpectedly happy conclusion. The psychology of the book is somewhat crude, though one cannot call it impossible.

THE HONORABLE MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM. By LUELLEN TETERS BUSSENUS. Nicholas L. Brown. 1924. \$2.

The Oriental novel with an English or American hero and the excessively beautiful Chinese or Japanese girl (who usually turns out to be not a native at all, or at least, a half-caste) for him to fall in love with is becoming almost as much of a standardized product as the Wild West yarn and the detective, murdered-uncle story. This one is fairly well done, so far as its machinery goes, with a sufficiency of intrigue and narrow escapes. It indulges in some rather crude moralizing as to the unhappy status of Japanese women and so on, but is no more than a "thriller" seasoned with sentimentality.

THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE. By RALPH STRAUS. Holt. 1924. \$2.

Among the books of the early fall are two light novels which seem to us rather better than the average, and we welcome the return of the good light novel. Most of our authors have been taking themselves very seriously of late years.

The books to which we refer are A. G. Thornton's "Astromer at Large," which has already received notice in these columns, and now Mr. Straus's "The Unseemly Adventure." Mr. Straus has an easy style of no great distinction which yet serves his purpose admirably. His novel is thoroughly English and at the same time thoroughly human. It tells of the great change wrought in Humphrey Dorsett of Queen's Dorsett through the instrumentality of one Appleby Magnus (which was not the gentleman's real name). It tells of a mad and absurdly glorious caravanning through the English countryside. It ends with wedding bells all around. It introduces, in the family of Olivia Morland, the heroine, one of the most delightfully eccentric families we have met in recent fiction. In the Pribbs of Curtin Court a war profiteer and his family are treated kindly. They emerge as a thoroughly likable lot. In fact most of the people in Mr. Straus's novel are likable. His point of view is liberal and urbane. He shows how a little rough-and-tumble with life shakes all the conventional nonsense out of young Dorsett and makes him at last fit to associate with. We hate the snobbish, narrow-minded young man at first and come to love him in the end. His transformation makes Olivia change her mind. We didn't blame her at all for rejecting him in his original state. Even Burrell, the counter-jumper, is transformed by the strange hegira and gets a good wife in Jane Oak.

"Appleby Magnus" is, of course, the center of events. Even if he is slightly reminiscent of certain other fictional characters old and new, he displays such great gusto for life and such diverting characteristics that it will be long before we forget him. We hope that Mr. Straus continues to mix more "romantic if irregular" prescriptions for jaded readers. This particular one is cleverly and competently compounded. And its great virtue is that it inculcates liberality of viewpoint. Dr. Peltworth, for instance, the *locum tenens* who preached the sermon that really started the whole trouble, is a thoroughly adorable character under a new dispensation that we would be general. Our only quarrel with Mr. Straus is over his device at the end in making Appleby Magnus turn out to be —. But we suppose there must be some top to Cerberus.

THE LANTERN ON THE PLOW. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. Harper's. 1924. \$2.

Such a book as Mr. Chamberlain's tends to give one a broad perspective on American institutions, to make one realize that the American people are *parvenus* in this continent, the land of which they have seized and exploited, but who have not yet been brought near to the soil that supports them. A change is beginning in this regard. The free prairie lands no longer exist to lure the young man west. Farmers must more generally accept their farms as they did their wives, for better or worse, and though the coming generation breed a yeomanry whose life will increasingly and directly link the people of this land to the earth that supports them.

That this process is still occasional is shown by "The Lantern on the Plow," which describes a situation, still exceptional, in which the New Jersey farm of Rattling Run Fields has taken, molded and consumed seven generations of Sherbornes. Such a situation, so commonplace in Europe, is deemed intolerable by the author, who breaks the perennial struggle by the discovery of a quarry of cement rock on the farm. For twenty years this quarry pours out dividends to Drake and Io Sherborne, the eighth generation to inhabit the land. It enables them to take a vacation of many years from the curse of Adam, lets them marry at leisure, and through Drake allows them to pour back the cement money into improvements of the land. So strong is the hold of the farm over the Sherbornes that Drake refuses to renew the contract with the cement company and returns to the life of farming, raising fruit and berries for the neighboring metropolis.

The novel is marked by a good sense of character and an appreciation of the relation of the earth to its wayward children. It is true to contemporary form in believing that something ought to be done to divorce the farmer from reliance on his land. As literature, the book is somewhat devoid of life. The author is too seriously concerned with his theme to permit any light touches, and his efforts are comparable to those of Warner Sherborne, Drake's father, who was forced by his battle with the soil to plough by lantern-light. Mr. Chamberlain plunges energetically ahead, now checked by a buried obstacle, now cleaving the smooth loam, casting about him a tiny circle of artificial illumination on a vast and significant subject.

JANUARY. By KATHARINE PLEYDELL BOUVERIE. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

Miss Bouverie tells her story straight out, from the beginning to the end, sincerely and with charm. Her book is not rich, it is true, in tears or laughter. These are the currency of life, and with life Miss Bouverie is only indirectly concerned. What she is concerned with is to produce a piece of art, a finished literary pattern. In this she has succeeded.

On the night they brought Jim Corrie home from his last hunt, on a gate and dead, with a frosty sternness on his amiable face that none of his friends had ever seen there before, a child was born to his wife, Noreen. "Call her January," she said, turning her face to the wall, "that will remind me." It was after all, a bleak baby. Jan. grew up among her sturdy brothers and sisters like a changeling, lost, by some inexplicable accident, from the frontiers of fairyland. Her mother could never quite bear the sight of her. For sympathy she turned to her young uncle, Bill, an attractive if not altogether convincing person, who loved her well. She grew up, saw Bill have an affair with the lovely Denise de Ribouy, comforted him when Denise's tragic death undid his life. Then the war, her engagement to a young guardsman broken, and her realization that Bill is the only man she can love. The change from her adoration of him when she is a child to her passion for him when she is a woman is deftly handled; even the mechanism provided to prove, at the crucial moment, that he is not really her uncle, is smoothly prepared for, and does not grate.

An occasional minor character stands out like the profile on a rubbed penny, while the major ones, suffering from loss of compression instead of gaining by elaboration, are sometimes blurred. In this, as in the fact that it is padded at the beginning with much unnecessary description, the book wears the unmistakable birthmarks of a first novel. It has in its mouth, however, the silver spoon of style. Miss Bouverie is as surprisingly unsure of what she wants to say and as surprisingly competent to say it as was Miss Willa Cather some years ago.

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ILIANA. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

STORIES FROM THE DIAL. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

THE MASTER CRIMINAL. By J. JEFFERSON FARJON. Dial. \$2.

GORDON OF THE LOST LAGOON. By ROBERT WATSON. Minton, Balch. \$2.

LOW BRIDGE AND PUNK PUNGS. By SAM HELLMAN. Little, Brown. \$1.25 net.

THE GLORY OF DON RAMIRO. By ENRIQUE LARRETA. Translated by L. B. WALTON. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE ICELAND FISHERMAN. By PIERRE LOTI. Translated by W. P. BAINES. Stokes. \$4.

MY DAUGHTER HELEN. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. Harcourt, Brace.

LONELY O'MALLEY. By ARTHUR STRINGER. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE GALLANTS. By E. BARRINGTON. Atlantic Monthly Press. \$3.50.

THE BURDEN. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. Seltzer. \$2.

SOUND AND FURY. By JAMES HENLE. Knopf. \$2.50 net.

THE DARK CLOUD. By THOMAS BOYD. Scribner's. \$2.

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WHO WOULD BE FREE. By MARIAN SPITZER. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

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THE LAKE. By MARGARET ASHMUN. Macmillan.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. By ELLERY H. CLARK. Dorrance.

THE QUENCHLESS LIGHT. By AGNES C. LAUT. Appleton. \$2.

Foreign

L'ALLÉE DES PHILOSOPHES. By CHARLES MAURRAS. Paris: Cres. (New York: Brentano's.)

No, my dear Monsieur Maurras, this is not "L'Allée des Philosophes," and he whose steps resound in it is no philosopher, not one who stands aloof and has risen above the chaos and passionate confusion of things, not one who smiles serenely because he knows that, whatever happens, the maze is bound to disentangle itself, and all the wild torrents and streams with all their tributaries from far and near will finally unite and throw themselves into the endless ocean of eternity. The author of this book is one of the strugglers in the midst of the turmoil, one who loves and hates fanatically, one whose features are contracted, whose will is set; he is time-bound, soil-bound, will-bound. Not that he has no right to be as he is—most of us are like him. But he has no right to mislead us by the title of a book with which he identifies himself and to make us believe that he is kindred in spirit to those who see the big line of things and who alone might help shell-shocked mankind to get back its faith and composure after the suffering of the last decade. Consciously or subconsciously, most of us have been watching the tables and shelves of our bookstores for a friend of that sort. And all the more disappointed we are when, on eagerly picking up M. Maurras's book, we find that instead of relieving us, he tries to draw us into an atmosphere tense with the spirit of revenge and chauvinism.

The first part of the book treats of the bad omens which to Maurras symbolized the approach of the war: the eclipse of the sun in 1912, the plague of the chestnut and walnut trees in France in 1910, the earthquake in the Provence in 1909, the flood in 1910, and so on. Then follows a series of political articles on the approach of the war, in which the author's emotions advance like an army beyond control and clamor for a war of revenge against Germany. In my opinion, articles like these are out of tune with the spirit of to-day, when the world is making a great effort to right itself.

"Since we have no king, the idea of revenge shall be the Queen of France." According to Maurras, France had—under its Republican Government—become a State without a head, ruled by a series of political transactions without a leading intelligence, without tradition, without a memory and without a conscience. He bitterly complains that while Germany had "the advantage" of a monarchical government, which identified itself with the traditions and ambitions of the nation, the democratic ideal in his country, aiming at a prosperous commonwealth, paralyzed the soul of France and held her in a deplorable state of inert superficiality, which for more than forty years had made her incapable of facing her duty: war upon Germany.

The greater portion of the third part of "L'Allée des Philosophes"—entitled "The Boundaries of the Possible"—is given to historic reveries, while the rest of the book is taken up by literary discussions which, on the whole, are too detailed and often too technical to be of great interest to the ordinary reader. In French literary circles, I suppose, Maurras's attack on the modern French poetry, which he calls decadent, will have roused a storm of contradictory opinions.

In the first chapter of the third part Maurras takes us to the Chateau of Chantilly and confronts us with the relics of the "great century." It is to one of the superb promenades in the park surrounding that castle that the Duc d'Aumale gave the name of "Allée des philosophes" in honor of Condé and his friends. In the presence of the great historic past, the French Royalist who is our guide abandons himself to a deep melancholy reverie and deplores the inconsistency of all things.

From Chantilly he takes us to a museum at the hour of twilight, when its doors have closed on the tourists and when its inmates enter their own aristocratic world once more. Slowly and musically the antique statues descend from their pedestals and move about with gentle gravity, their chaste beauty proclaiming that "only where there is virtue is joy."

In spite of his political vehemence, Charles Maurras is an artist. His ideal as an artist is the classical. To soothe the restless nostalgia of his soul he needs something to measure all things by: be it Nature, whose "good, constant laws" stand firm; be it the faultless beauty and perfection of a classical style. His descriptions of nature

are wonderful. Each word in them is a stroke of an artist's brush, intensifying color and form of the picture which he conjures up in our minds. As an artist he is at harmony with himself and the world: his soul then swings in its own rhythm and finds its own well-controlled expression in a style that has great charm and radiant lucidity.

KNOCK: OU LE TRIOMPHE DE LA MEDECINE, and LE TROUHADEC SAISI PAR LA DEBAUCHE. By JULES ROMAINS. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924. (Brentano's. 75c.)

Knock is a physician fresh from a medical school, with a thesis of 32 octavo pages and an idea. In the French commune where he buys a practice he is the only doctor among six thousand inhabitants; but, to consider the professional point of view, his situation is deplorable. People in St. Maurice die without ever falling ill! It is a town without invalids, where the doctor starves and the chemist supports himself precariously by selling soap.

Knock is determined to alter the situation. He says to Dr. Parpalaïd, as this discouraged predecessor is leaving for Lyon:

Give me a canton peopled with a few thousand neutral and indeterminate creatures. My rôle is to lend them character, to lead them to the medical way of life. I put them to bed and watch to see what they become: neurotics, consumptives, arterio-sclerotics, anything, but at least real personalities. Nothing irritates me like this creature, neither flesh nor fish, that is called a healthy man.

Knock's method is as effective as a volcanic eruption, an earthquake or any other cataclysm of nature. He puts the fear of death into his neighbors and sends them off to bed. Within three months there are 250 invalids in his commune, his office hours are engaged for weeks ahead, and his practice is the finest in the east of France.

As a study of medical charlatanism, Knock reminds one of the famous charlatans of George M. Cohan's comedies: such characters as Hit-the-Trail Holliday or the Tailor-Made Man. Of course, he is a little more grotesque. But his famous method should be sufficiently familiar to Americans, especially since the advertisement of a St. Louis tooth-paste manufacturer, who recently asked three million readers, "Will you be alive in five years?"

Knock's creator seems to be wandering farther and farther from the doctrines of the Unanimist school, which he founded himself. His later work is distinguished chiefly by a robust humor, not in the least doctrinaire, which reminds one not merely of George M. Cohan but of Harry Leon Wilson as well. One thinks of Wilson especially when reading the adventures of Professor Le Trouhadec.

For Wilson also has written about a professor, and the Copplestone of his new novel (now being published serially) bears enough resemblance to Professor Le Trouhadec to be his twin. Both pedagogues run away from an impromptu sabbatical year, both are profoundly stupid and both obtain large sums of money by pure chance, which, in the case of Le Trouhadec, takes the form of a roulette wheel at Monte Carlo. Along with his unexpected fortune he wins an actress and the actress consumes the fortune. Having acquired wisdom, the Professor is ready to return to Paris and his pupils. His affairs of love, gambling and robbery make a comedy as amusing as any of the last decade.

LEWIS ET IRENE. By PAUL MORAND. Paris. Grasset. 1924.

Paul Morand is known for his short stories. Now he has written a short novel, but so complete a one, in all its brevity, filled with such trenchant observations, so tersely expressed, that one wonders why anyone need tire himself, or his reader, by going on at length about anything or anybody.

We know Lewis intimately after the first paragraph. In fact we are on so familiar a footing, that Paul Morand never troubles to introduce us formally. We never know his hero's other name. And yet, we would recognize him anywhere. He is a victim of the much-abused inferiority complex, and so arms himself with arrogance. He respects none, not even the venerable banker, deceased, at whose bier we first see him. He cares for none of the many women, whom he has won. Their names, shamelessly annotated, are entered in a note-book, with cold-blooded system, on the theory that once a thing is written down all thought of it may be discarded. He lacks consideration. We are told that he will dine in his shirt-sleeves, and complicate the serving

of the meal by asking for special dishes!

On the rebound from society, presumably because of his bastard birth, he makes himself play a lone hand. As he rises in the banking world, he is avid of glory, wants it all for himself. So he goes in for a large monopoly of Sicilian sulphur mines. He overreaches himself. His plans are frustrated by a powerful Greek firm. The head of it, surprisingly, is the woman Irene. Less surprisingly, Lewis falls in love with her cool aloofness. He knows respect at last. They marry. Both retire from business, and as Morand says: "They belong to each other in the trying, harsh white light of happiness." Their joy worries Irene, who, still a banker, feels that she ought to sell out and take her profit.

Government

GOVERNMENT AND THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE. By HANS DELBRÜCK. Translated by ROY S. MACELWEE. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

NON-VOTING. By CHARLES E. MERRIAM and HAROLD F. GOSNELL. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

History

SOME PROBLEMS IN ROMAN HISTORY. By E. G. HARDY. Oxford University Press. \$6.

THE DIPLOMACY OF NAPOLEON. By R. R. MOWATT. Longmans, Green. \$5.40.

THE EVOLUTION OF FRENCH CANADA. By JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ. Macmillan. \$2.50.

International

THE MONGOL IN OUR MIDST. By F. G. CROOKSHANK. Dutton. \$1.50.

Juvenile

HEROES OF THE SEA. By CHELSEA FRASER. Crowell. 1924. \$1.75.

Here are chapters upon the life of light-house keepers, coast guardsmen, whalers, submarine sailors, deep sea fishermen. Each is really informative, sometimes rather stiffly so, as where an interlocutor extracts the needed information. They are well spiced, however, with adventure, and one, "The Seal Hunter," is first-hand narrative, vivid and thrilling, worth, as a description, all the interviews and explanations in the book. A useful book for school children.

CARL AND THE COTTON GIN. By SARA WARE BASSETT. Little, Brown. \$1.65 net.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF ROUND TABLE PATROL. By CHARLES HENRY LERRIGO. Little, Brown. \$1.75 net.

THE TRAIL BLAZERS. By MARY H. WADE. Little, Brown. \$1.65 net.

PEMBROSE LORRY, SKY SAILOR. By ISABEL HORNIBROOK. Little, Brown. \$1.75 net.

THE GOBLIN'S GLEN. By HAROLD GAZE. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

ROUND THE YEAR IN PUDDING LANE. By SARAH ADDINGTON. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

Law

LAW AND MORALS. By ROSCOE POUND. University of North Carolina Press.

Miscellaneous

THE MODERN GOLFER. By CYRIL J. H. TOLLEY. Knopf. \$3 net.

TINKERING WITH TOOLS. By HENRY H. SAYLOR. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

ONE-PIECE DINNERS. By MARY D. CHAMBERS. Little, Brown. \$2 net.

LEGENDS OF HIGHWAYMEN. By J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH. Stokes. \$3.

ANCIENT LONDON CHURCHES. By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. Stokes. \$4.50.

BOXWOOD GARDENS. By ALBERT ADDISON LEWIS. Richmond, Va.: Byrd Press.

THE WINES OF FRANCE. By H. WARNER ALLEN. Brentano's.

Pamphlets

SINGING JAILBIRDS: A Drama. By UPTON SINCLAIR. Published by the author, Pasadena, Calif.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES BONNES LETTRES. By MARGARET H. PEOPLES. DADAISME, POIGNÉE DE DOCUMENTS. By ALBERT SCHNEZ. Northampton: Smith College.

THE GOLDEN GALLEON ANTHOLOGY FOR 1924. Kansas City: Fowler.

AMERICANISM AT WORK. By BAGDASAR KREKOR BAGHDIGIAN. Kansas City: Counsel Bureau.

TIME-BINDING. By ALFRED KORZBIK. Dutton.

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2 Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

Philosophy

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. By WILLIAM McDUGALL. Scribner's. \$3.50.

Poetry

ECHOES FROM THEOCRITUS. By EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY. Dutton. \$2.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF TAIWAN. By JANET B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN. Appleton.

HOUSE GHOSTS. By JOHN GRIMES. Chicago: Ballou.

Religion

PRIMITIVE RELIGION. By ROBERT H. LOWIE. Boni & Liveright. \$3.50.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By C. D. PAXSON. Cleveland, Ohio: Coley, 1815 Denison Avenue.

Science

KEEPING UP WITH SCIENCE. Edited by EDWIN E. SLOSSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1924.

Journalism has filled the Sunday papers with pseudo-science which in the memory of readers becomes mere superstition. This book is a successful antidote. It is as interesting as a newspaper story and as varied as a Sunday supplement. What the earth's crust is made of, how seeds breathe, the psychology of auto drivers, why Kitty lands butter side up, who killed the dinosaur, the smallest thing in the world—are a few of its varied topics. But though well written, simple and lucid, these brief discourses have scientific method. This is no textbook of science, but it will serve as corrective and appetizer.

RACE HYGIENE AND HEREDITY. By HERMANN W. SIEMENS. Translated and edited by LEWELLYS F. BARKER. Appleton. \$2.

THE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY. By ARTHUR DERBY. Appleton. \$2.50.

Travel

JOHNSON'S JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND AND BOSWELL'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES. Edited by R. W. CHAPMAN. Oxford University Press. \$4.20.

DOWNLAND PATHWAYS. By A. HADRIAN ALLCROFT. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

THE RIVIERA. By S. BARING-GOULD. Brentano's. \$2.50.

A SUMMER IN TOURNAINE. By FREDERICK LEES. Brentano's. \$3.

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Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat," September 15.

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.



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Foreign Notes

(Continued from page 111)

public. I am also expecting that this decline of the general level of human intelligence will become more and more marked, not only in art, but also in all other spheres; in science, in politics, and particularly in philosophy (today nobody knows Kant any more, but all know Nietzsche), and will culminate in the general collapse of the system of civilization in which we are living, as the Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek and Roman civilizations collapsed before it. Psychiatrists are aware that when a man begins to talk a lot, to talk without end about everything on earth without giving himself the trouble to think, merely intent on pronouncing the maximum of words in the minimum of time, this is a dangerous but only too true sign of the beginning or development of a mental disease. And when in such a case the patient is also fully convinced that he knows everything better than any one else, that he can and must preach his wisdom to every one, then the symptoms of mental disorder are beyond question. Our so-called civilized world is in this dangerous and sad condition. And I think it is nearing a downfall, similar to that which befell the ancient civilizations. The perverted judgments of our present generation, which find expression not only in the overestimation of Shakespeare, but in the whole attitude towards science, politics, philosophy and art are the chief and most significant signs of this impending disaster.

LEO TOLSTOY

Count Bernard Gabriel d'Haussonville, whose death occurred recently in Paris, was a distinguished writer and the oldest member and head of the French Academy. The most noted of his historical works were studies of Michelet, the Duchess of Burgundy, Mme. de Lafayette, Merimée, Prescott, Lord Brougham, Hugh Elliott, Mme. Ackermann, Mme. Necker and Mme. de Staël, whose great-grandson he was. To write his volume entitled "Misery in Paris" he became a reporter and the material used in his book was in large part the result of his investigations in the poorer parts of the city. Much of the effort of his life went toward the betterment of social conditions, his activities have been especially centered on the reform of French penitentiaries.

The last of the series of three volumes gathering together d'Annunzio's work of recent years is to be issued next month in Milan (Fratelli Treves). The book is entitled "La Faville del Maglio" (Sparks from the Sledgehammer) and, like the two volumes which preceded it, is a work of some 600 pages.

Karl Holl's "Geschichte des Deutschen Lustspiels," recently issued, is a comprehensive study tracing the development of German comedy from its beginnings to the present day. The work outlines the main currents of evolution, sets forth the relations between individual works and ranges the latter in regard to the main stream of German comedy, and traces foreign influences upon it.

Jacques Rosenthal, 47 Brienerstrasse, Munich, will shortly publish a very important work by Konrad Haebler on "Die Deutschen Buchdrucker des XV Jahrhunderts in Auslande," which will deal with the introduction of printing by the Germans in the different countries and towns of Europe. The book will be a folio of 315 pages with 25 colotype plates.

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

THE SPANISH FARM. By R. H. MOTTRAM (Dial).
LOUDER, PLEASE! By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS (Atlantic Monthly).
THE POEMS OF SAPPHO. Translated by EDWIN MARION COX (Scribner's).

Letters from New Jersey and Rhode Island ask about books for the study and enjoyment of the essay.

THOUGH it had long been the delight of the happy few, the peculiarly fortunate choice and method of presentation by Christopher Morley in his collection of "Modern Essays" a couple of years ago undoubtedly opened the eyes of a great many who had thought the essay must be bookish and abstruse. Mr. Morley's wide and wise range over the field afforded entertainment for a surprisingly large number of new readers, and the appearance of the second series of "Modern Essays" (Harcourt, Brace) is an event to be recorded. The selection made by F. H. Pritchard in "Essays of Today" (Little, Brown) is from contemporary British writers; it is arranged by subject into six sections. R. W. Pence's choice in "Essays by Present-day Writers" (Macmillan) takes in both sides of the ocean and is especially favorable to humor. "The Bookman's Anthology of Essays" (Doran) follows a similar book of poems that have appeared in this magazine, and like the other is rather a proof of the magazine's quality than a representative collection. There are informal and informing introductions of the authors by Mr. Farrar.

For the study of the essay in schools or clubs Benjamin Heydrick's "Types of the Essay" (Scribner) is an excellent guide and one widely used. The Department of Rhetoric and Journalism of the University of Michigan has compiled a book called "Adventures in Essay Writing" (Harcourt, Brace) which makes unusually good illustrative material. One may travel with it the road the essay has taken from Bacon to William Allen White.

W. M., Chicago, prefers to detective fiction reports of actual cases "such as a series of articles by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes some time ago in a magazine whose name I do not recall." He asks if E. L. Pearson's "Studies in Murder" is a good example of this type, and if there are others.

AS IN time every one in America who reads will probably be reading Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder" (Macmillan), it is fortunate that it is so accurate as well as so fascinating. I am one of those who have not been allowed to forget the Borden Case, which takes a third of this book: I am asked my opinion of it immediately after any middle-aged person finds that my mother's folks came from Fall River. From youthful memories, yet vivid, of hearing the conduct of the case discussed as it appeared in the *Fall River News*, and from a recent enthusiastic review of the book in this paper, I am sure that it has not only the facts as then set forth, but an extraordinary sense of popular feeling and its fluctuations. The timid reader need not flinch at the title. Mr. Pearson has not the Fat Boy's ambition: no flesh need creep over this book. In straightforward narrative, with an occasional irrepressible prance, he sets his problem; the reader goes at it like a cross-word puzzle: sympathies are unstrained and nerves unscathed. "Poison Mysteries in History, Romance and Crime," by C. J. S. Thompson (Lippincott), covers, in addition to a historical survey, twenty-five famous trials of the century. I have read that F. Tenneson Jesse has published

in England a book on "Murder and Its Motives," with analyses of the methods of famous practitioners. Knowing Miss Jesse's novels, I should like to see this book. Another from England, H. B. Irving's "A Book of Famous Criminals," published by Doran a couple of years ago, is the kind of book you pick up to look over and are hauled away from two hours later.

The French writer who calls himself "G. LeNotre" has been unusually successful in giving, in books like "The Mystery of the Inner Temple," the straight truth about some historic mystery, arranged in something the shape of a romance. (His latest book, "Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution," the story of Perlet and Faucheborel, has just been published here by Holt.) It may be that his success started others on this type of writing; anyway a good example of it is "The Murder of Monsieur Fualdes," by Armand Praviel (Seltzer), the story of a famous miscarriage of justice distinguished by mystery and circumstantial evidence. This wisely sticks to the facts; in books like this the less fixed-up they are the more interesting the tale. Mr. Pearson lists the novels made from his thrilling cases: I have read them all and they are notably dull. The only perfectly successful use of a famous murder mystery as the basis of a work of fiction seems to me to be Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's classic treatment of the Ripper murders in "The Lodger." The actual crimes are only on the edge of this story: it is the landlady's gradual discovery of the identity of her guest that somehow gets into the marrow of one's bones.

S. S., New York, who asked about books that included our inheritance from Hebrew sources with those from the Greek, will be interested to know that the "Legacy Series" (Oxford University Press) will be increased in the near future by "The Legacy of Judea," by Abrahams and Bevans.

S. R. R., New York, asks if there is a cookbook adapted for kitchenette use.

THERE must be more than one unless we are cooking by ear in this town, but the one I know about is Anna Merritt East's "Kitchenette Cookery" (Little, Brown). The author was the authority on this subject for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. But the prize book has just come from Little, Brown, "One-Piece Dinners," by Mary D. Chalmers; meals cooked in one dish and put on in one. They belong with one-piece dresses as signs of the times, encouraging or disturbing according to your age and disposition. Those of us who know from experience what can be done with one gas ring and a willing mind will give these recipes a hearty welcome. They are not all modern—how about boiled dinner? And come to think of it, remember Mr. Codlin's stew in "Old Curiosity Shop": "of tripe—and cowheel—and bacon—and steak—and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes and sparrowgrass, all working together in one delicious gravy?" Or for that matter, Betsy Prig's one-pocket salad?

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Points of View

Historical Values

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The divergence of Mr. Nettels from James Harvey Robinson in his view of the logic of contemporary history illustrates admirably the curious naïveté which has prevailed in the historical profession for a generation or more as to the objectivity of its output. It is one thing to define an event, fix the date or authorship of a document, establish the utterance of an idea or the occurrence of given behavior. About such things it is no insuperable task to be impartial, and whether the phenomena are contemporary or of the distant past, the accuracy of the trained historian's report depends only upon his materials and his diligence.

The historian's work, however, does not consist only in a report of facts. He selects the facts which he will report and he assembles them to show relations which seem to him to be significant. These aspects of history have necessarily a subjective character. Not only the contemporary history which is considered significant may be deemed ephemeral tomorrow. This is equally true of the past. There is no quality of significance attaching to events in themselves. Present interest and future anticipation are points that help to define the curve along which every series of past events is plotted. They participate in the selection of events and hence in the relations that are found for them and the meaning that at any time they bear. An overwhelming preoccupation with the phenomena and problems of the national state has led schools of historians to report exclusively facts in a series illustrating the growth of the European state system. An absorption in the career of society and material culture has led other historians to report other facts, forming an alien series, in which facts common to both appear in new relations with altered significance. To either group the series of the other no doubt is lacking in significance. The interests of historians tomorrow will render judgment upon the issue, and from their decision the future will open unlimited opportunities for appeal. Whether he be historian of the past or of the present, what the historian writes to-day "will be rewritten by later generations." What is significant to the historian and his readers to-day is significant to-day. And no more can be said of any set of historical facts, no matter how fraught with reputability.

LELAND H. JENKS

Amherst

Art and America

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. J. W. Krutch's "The Curse of Opportunity," in your issue of August 23, provokes a few thoughts.

Mr. Krutch's argument is: America has offered much opportunity for obtaining material blessings; therefore Americans have suffered no unsatisfied cravings; therefore Americans have produced no art.

Americans have "never been artistic because they have never felt the need to be"; "our opportunities for calculation have been so abundant and attractive that we have never, except in rare instances, been forced to do much else" (than calculate rather than think). "It (art) springs up when man, ceasing to be content with the superficial life of the energies and the senses, seeks to give it subtle and fictitious values"; "they call upon literature to give it (life) values which the natural life does not have."

Two notions concerning the artistic and spiritual must be behind such language: first, that art and the spiritual life are, like invention, the children of necessity, created only under pressure and not otherwise to be expected. Secondly, they are not realities, but only imaginary quantities with which man solaces himself when suffering because of inner, unsatisfied wants. Note the words "fictitious values"; and the idea that literature has values which the natural life has not. The expression of the spirit is, then, a sort of defense mechanism, produced "in the hour of humiliation or the exhaustion of its first flush of energy." It is a product of the inferiority complex, for "when thought intervenes it demands justification of existence."

Mr. Krutch may be right. But if he is, the full consequence of his philosophy must be understood: since disinterested thought is "biologically useless," and, in fact, "scepticism, tolerance, broad-mindedness are posi-

tive handicaps, "therefore, men, in the interest of survival, should abandon all spiritual activity and "calculate in the interest of safety and comfort."

But Mr. Krutch may be wrong. Let us look at the artist and prophet as not merely creatures of circumstance, but as hitherto unexplained phenomena in nature, men who would create beauty and utter truth no matter what the age or the place in which they lived. I doubt that Mr. Krutch holds that Machiavelli, Ariosto, Botticelli and Michael Angelo, living in America to-day, would have been commission merchants, restaurateurs or barbers. Praxiteles, da Vinci, Shakespeare, Mendelssohn and no other men of their time, although subjected to the same circumstances, created what they did. The direction of their art, were these men living here, now, might have been different. But, to employ a word Mr. Krutch uses at decisive points, they would *probably* be artists.

If they are separate phenomena, explicable, let us say, as a different species, mentally, from their fellows, then their art and aspiration begin to take meaning not as merely sublimates of unsatisfied desires, but realities which they have been blessed enough to see, realities which the rest of men may eventually see, and attain. So we may account for man's struggling rise. The idealist's vision has been the race's goal. Granting that disinterested thought has always been "a sort of idealistic perversion," and "not quite normal," that has only been because the mass, which is Mr. Krutch's norm, had not yet seen what the genius had visioned. When it had reached his level, his vision became the normal. Only, by that time the disinterested thinker was again a step ahead and, of course, "not normal." And so the process has continued.

The corollary from this mode of understanding our men of genius and the reality of their dreams is that the generality of mankind, instead of engaging in "mere competition for material things," will set as its goal—to use Mr. Krutch's own words in refuting him, for he aspires in the right direction—will set as its goal "that fully developed consciousness" which will give "the immensely superior satisfaction." It will still be true that "the original function of intelligence" is to "calculate in the interest of safety and comfort," but it will not be the habit of mind to identify safety and comfort with "the making of a million dollars." A new species, new in its mental make-up, will have a new set of values.

S. J. BECK

Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Sheldon Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

If I were to introduce you to an audience and ridicule the color of your tie or the fact of some trivial defect in your features, you might feel as if the introduction was hardly fair if you had come before that audience with an address that had nothing to do with your personal appearance.

Yet in the review of my book, "The Mere Man," as it appeared in the August 23 number of *The Saturday Review*, the reviewer introduced my book to the reading public, calling attention to some minor defects of the subject treated, and dismissed with ridicule the entire thing, giving the audience an entirely false and misleading picture of the book as a whole. He emphasized the trivial incidents, but said nothing about the tremendous effects on a boy's moral character as some of the boy's experiences were described.

He said nothing about the lawlessness of the members of golf clubs as brought out in the story, not a word about the effect of the girl's death on the family, nothing about what the war did to the older boy, not a word about the real problems that faced the Mere Man in his religious life. He picked out the color of his necktie and the awkwardness of his gestures, and introduced him to the audience with a wave of ridicule as a "sixth century" product.

I cannot help wondering to what century he himself belongs. His criticism of the Mere Man as belonging to the sixth, and together with him, a large proportion of the Middle West, inclines me to believe that he himself has never been West of the Harlem River, and must belong to some period B. C. His criticism compels me to wonder if there is any such thing in the average

book reviewer who has lived all his life in New York as the dimmest knowledge of the West, or the slightest understanding of moral or spiritual problems as they really exist in a twentieth century home.

I am not writing in any spirit of malice or ill-will, but it does seem to me that such a criticism or review as you printed of my little book is not fair play. It is not only unfair, it is untrue. Your reviewer has no more right to introduce my book to the reading audience as he has done than I would have a right to introduce him to a living audience as a man or a woman with a crooked nose or a squint in one eye. I am not anxious about the sale of the book, because that is a matter for the concern of the publishers. But I do feel a just interest in its being rightly introduced. And may I say, I hope with some degree of Western freedom, that the reviewer has not given my audience a truthful introduction of what I have written?

CHARLES M. SHELDON

Pilgrim, Mich.

THE REVIEWER REPLIES

In writing a necessarily brief notice of a book by an author whose work has been prominently before the public for more than thirty years it is hardly necessary to describe the contents in detail for the sophisticated readers of *The Saturday Review*: especially when the book is of a familiar, "standardized" type. But Mr. Sheldon's complaint that the review does not give "a truthful introduction" of the book would be important if he had any basis for that complaint. The notice, however, "truthfully," and I think adequately, described it as a discussion of "what sort of a man a father ought to be with his children" according to Mr. Sheldon; it also added a little illustrative detail. If it had stopped there, I suspect the author would not have resented it, but it seemed worth while to call at least passing attention to the real point of interest in such conventional moralizations as this—which is that they are become more or less anachronisms.

To illustrate, concretely, in a trivial example which, however, is characteristic: the "mere man" father persuades his son to give up smoking by agreeing to stop himself—a model of what he considers a noble sacrifice and example. Now, pipe smoking is probably unwholesome for the growing youngster, but to induce him to give it up by means of an hysterically emotional gesture is silly and irrational. It derives, of course, from the ancient doctrine, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." It is the mental attitude which, expressing itself largely, as e. g. in the prohibition amendment, can see no cure for a sore toe except in cutting off the sufferer's leg at the hip. And, as the review noted, it belongs to the sixth century mind rather than to that of the twentieth.

H. L. P.

Reader's Guide

Continued from preceding page

N. B., Alfred, N. Y., asks about illustrations by Maxfield Parrish and where to find out about them.

THERE is an article on this subject listed in the "Index to Illustrations," just from the press of the American Library Association, Chicago. This is a library help already useful and certain to gain in usefulness as new editions come out; it could have been made only by many librarians in different cities reporting on subjects for which illustrations had been required by readers and the books or magazines in which they had been found.

Another new A. L. A. publication is "Library Buildings," plans and photographs of public libraries large and small, from university shrines to temporary shacks. It would be invaluable to building committees. For that matter, when I build that house of mine in the country I'm going to use one of these plans. I might as well first as last.

T. M. D., Toledo, Ohio, and the Beacon Bookshop, New York, ask where one may get Dr. E. E. Slosson's pamphlet, "The Expansion of Chemistry," to which I recently referred.

SCIENCE SERVICE, B and Twenty-first Street, Washington, D. C., says that "we have a limited number of copies that we could let the readers of the Reader's Guide have, free of charge, on application to this office." Remembering the times this department has put pamphlets out of print, better send pretty soon—and enclose a two-cent stamp.

Saturday Nights

AT Ali Baba's suggestion last Saturday night was Literary Ladies' Night at our house. Observant slave, he has often commented on the large part women are playing in current English literature, its creation, inspiration, criticism.

"Master," he said, "there are many famed women, authors and critics, reading *The Saturday Review*. I should hold it an honor and pleasure to introduce you to them."

It was near midnight, I was in bed, Ali Baba perched on the bedstead rail over my feet. A naturally shy person in the presence of dresses, tresses and other "esses," I hesitated.

"There is no danger," my slave assured me.

"Excellent, Ali. Give me a dressing gown and on with the show."

What's said is done. From out the shadows of the room a stately, striking woman appeared.

Kathleen Norris

announced my slave. "Wife of Charles G., sister-in-law of the late Frank. At 23 she sold her first story after an apprenticeship in a hardware house, library, newspaper. She is a Californian and has convinced husband Charles that a ranch in Saratoga is superior to an apartment on the North Side of Chicago. The royalties from her 'Certain People of Importance,' her 'The Callahans and the Murphys' would much more than pay for a life subscription by Air Mail* to *The Saturday Review*. She is a Charter Subscriber."

Ali Baba was enjoying himself in this novel situation of his own making. He bowed Mrs. Norris into the shadows and announced out of them

Fannie Hurst

Born in St. Louis 36 years ago, she now lives in New York, the scene of most of her stories. Miss Hurst knows what life means to those who scrub in the night. She has worked in a Child's restaurant, she has acted, she has worked in a sweat shop. That she has gathered "atmosphere" her books testify. She is a Charter Subscriber to *The Saturday Review*.

Out of the darkness into the scanty light of my bedside lamp came an elderly, kindly, smiling woman. (I made a mental note to suggest to Ali Baba that midnight is no hour for future Ladies' Nights.)

Edith Wharton

born at New York in 1862. Her first book was published in 1899. She has been in the literary limelight ever since by right of such works as "The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome," "The Age of Innocence," "Old New York." Most of her characters live on the Fifth Avenues of the world. For many years she has lived in France. She is a Charter Subscriber to *The Saturday Review*.

Her introduction complete, Mrs. Wharton returned to France. (How, at that early hour of the new morning, I preferred not to imagine.) Ali Baba helped me out of my receiving robe, fixed my pillow, switched out the light and left me. Efficient slave, the coupon below is an idea of his to increase the ever growing circle of *Saturday Review* readers.

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By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE GEM OF 1922-23 SEASON

ACCORDING to the "American Book Prices Current" just issued, the single volume that brought the highest price in the American season of 1922-23 was Marlowe and Nash's "Tragedie of Dido Queen of Carthage," London, 1594, the gem of the "later library" of Herschel V. Jones of Minneapolis, which brought \$12,900 at the Anderson Art Galleries on January 23, 1923. Only three copies of this book have so far been traced: (1) Dr. Wright's copy, which on May 2, 1787, realized the sensational price of 16 guineas, the value in those days of a fine copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare. It was bought by Malone, and is now in the Bodleian at Oxford; (2) the Bridgewater copy, mentioned in Lowndes, and now in the library of Henry E. Huntington. (3) the third, and perhaps the most interesting copy of all, the Jones copy, which won the honors of the season of 1922-23. It was purchased by John Henderson, the actor, for 4 pence of Yardley, the bookseller. It next belonged to Isaac Reed, who presented it to George Steevens, at whose sale it realized £17; at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, in 1812, it brought 17 guineas when it was bought by Sir Egerton Brydges, who sold it to Richard Heber, in whose sale in 1834 it brought the then high price of £39. It passed into the Kemble collection, which was absorbed into the Devonshire collection and the dramatic portion of which was

acquired by Henry E. Huntington, who, having already the Bridgewater copy, sold it to The Rosenbach Company, which in turn sold it, in January, 1919, to Herschel V. Jones. An additional interest is attached to this copy for it contains the autographs of Isaac Reed, George Steevens and the Duke of Roxburghe, former owners and all famous collectors. The 1594 edition has been said to be the only separate edition, but a reprint with the date of 1825 was advertised in an English bookseller's catalogue a year or two ago.

THE ART OF WOOD ENGRAVING

IN AN editorial on the "Great American Wood Engravers," *The Christian Science Monitor*, after paying tribute to the "wood engravers who, not many years ago, gave the American illustrated magazine the distinction it lost with the coming of new processes and cheapness," has this to say about the points of view of the old and the new school:

"Today the expressionists will not recognize the artist who does not express something so absolutely his own that at times the difficulty is for anybody else to understand what he seeks to express. They forget that interpretation can be an art. The great singer, the master violinist and pianist, as a rule, does but interpret the music of the composer. And so it was with these American wood engravers, so it has ever been. Albert Dürer did not cut all his own

designs, nor did Holbein, but for that reason we do not value the prints the less. In this development of good engraving we can trace, step by step, the increased facility of the engraver in producing facsimile and, as a consequence, the ever-growing demands upon him of the designer. The American wood engravers simply achieved the end that all their predecessors had set for themselves from the day when the now nameless genius cut the rough but rare St. Christopher. . . . Wood engraving, as the American masters understood it, was too engrossing to leave much time for the practice of other arts."

AMERICAN TYPE DESIGNS

BOOK collectors are growing more interested in printing as a fine art every year. This is shown in their attendance at exhibitions and in their purchase of fine specimens of typography and of books relating to types and printing. "American Type Design in the Twentieth Century" (Robert O. Ballou, Chicago), with specimens of the outstanding types of the period, by Douglas C. McMurtrie, is a review of the best book types available for the American printer. Containing as it does specimens of one hundred modern types selected for their merit, it is a capital guide to modern type selection in America. Frederic W. Goudy's introductory note sets forth the principles of good type design. In his running comment upon these types Mr. McMurtrie has drawn upon his experience as a practical printer, upon his scholarly knowledge of typography and upon his keen, cultivated sense of the appropriate and artistic in type design. The volume is a handsome and well-printed octavo, bound in Roma covered extra-

boards, with gold stamped title on back and side. Whoever has any desire for knowledge of modern printing types, whether type designer, lover of fine printing or collector of typographical material, will find this hand-book well worth owning.

NOTES AND COMMENT

IOLO A. WILLIAMS contributes to the August number of *The London Mercury* an article showing that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the author of the "Epilogue" spoken by Miss Farren to S. J. Pratt's only acted tragedy, "The Fair Circassian," performed at the Theatre-Royal in November, 1771. The discovery of this hitherto unknown Sheridan item was due to a letter from Pratt to Sheridan, now in the possession of Herbert E. Norris of Cirencester, who has allowed Mr. Williams to reprint the letter and the "Epilogue."

An important bibliography that should be of value to students of journalistic history has been announced for publication in England. It is entitled "The Times Hand List of Newspapers," and is a complete bibliography of English journals and magazines from 1620 to 1920.

Edward C. Pinkney and his poems are the subject of a volume upon which Thomas Ollive Mabbott and Captain Frank Pleadwell, 14 Fifth Avenue, New York, are engaged. They request that any collector or student who has information regarding Pinkney manuscripts, or knowledge of periodical publications, communicate with them.

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Hopalong Cassidy and Red Connors, the most lovable and dangerous pair of punchers that ever forked a bronc or fanned a six gun, meet up with 150 pounds of wild-cat in the person of Mesquite Jenkins. Hoppy, thinking of the son he has lost, takes Mesquite under his wing and the three start out on a 1,500-mile trip up to Montana.



A lot can happen in 1,500 miles with three men just looking for trouble and such places to find it as Dodge City and Ogallala. It was at Dodge City that Mesquite gets mixed up with the red-haired dame and is pulled out of serious trouble by some neat work with the Colt's on the part of Hoppy.

And then at Ogallala Mesquite chased the bad-acting deputy clean out of the county by an exhibition of nerve and skill which delighted Hoppy to the very soul. A day later four of the deputy's friends tried to pot them and again Mesquite lives up to his teacher's hopes. And there are a lot more adventures, of the kind that make you itch to grab a gun and get in on the fun.



Hopalong Cassidy is the most famous character in fiction's West. He has a devoted following of several hundred thousand of readers, strung from England to New York and from New York to New Zealand, and thousands of these readers are found in those out of the way corners where a book is a real adventure. One of these followers, though, is Clemence Dane, the author of "Will Shakespeare," etc. Recently Miss Dane wrote, saying that of all the Western stories that trickle through to Europe, Clarence E. Mulford's were the best. "He follows the Homeric formula: his Ithaca is the Bar-20 Ranch; Hopalong Cassidy is his Odysseus; and the Western states of America the lands of his Odyssey."

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The Phoenix Nest

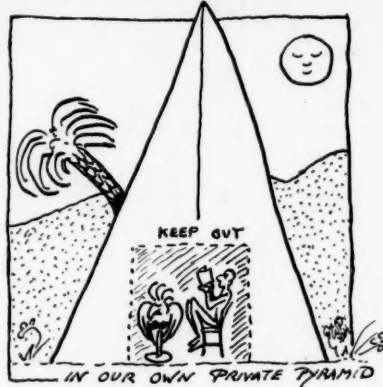
FROM a tent in the desert we have now moved into a vacant pyramid, some miles away, all among the sarcophagi. O if Howard Carter could see us now! The Phoenix finds it a much better place to sleep, and we'll say it's much cooler in the daytime! One of our grave omissions so far has been the failure to acknowledge a delightful rhymed letter from Maude Motley (a "constant reader" by Heck!) of Rochester, New York. We herewith thank the lady with a deep salaam! J. K. Huysmans's novels, which developed his hero, Durtal, through various stages of spiritual progress, is completed in the novel "Oblate," which has recently been translated by Edward Perceval. Dutton is publishing this translation. This book is a remarkable study of ritual and symbolism and monastic life in general.

We are glad to see that a recent book of verse which we recommended, namely Nathalia Crane's "The Janitor's Boy," published by Seltzer, has been a best seller through Brentano's. We think Miss Crane the most remarkable poet of her years, and she is only ten years old. Perhaps one of the best of Nathalia's gifts is that she seems to possess a considerable sense of humor, and, ever yonce in a while she takes your breath away by a better bit of poetry than most grown-ups can write.

It is interesting to note that the *Living Age* has been enlarged into an international review of foreign life for the first week of each month. This new magazine contains half a dozen or so short stories, critical essays, and so on. The first of these monthly numbers appeared last Saturday and contained contributions, among others, by Leonid Andreieff, St. John Ervine, Judge Parry (on the early writings of Lewis Carroll), and George Manning-Saunders.

The most beautiful volume we have recently beheld is the Williams and Norgate edition of the Poems of Sappho, published over here by Scribner. The work is by Edwin Marion Cox, beautifully bound in gray and ivory. There is a Foreword, there are biographical and historical notes, a discussion of the writings of Sappho in English literature, the text of her poems with translations, and a bibliography. This book sells for fifteen dollars, a special net price. Speaking of translations, we have now before us Felix Timmermans's "Pallierter," translated by C. B. Bodde, with an introduction by Hendrick Willem Van Loon, and drawings by Anton Pieck. This is one of the famous books of Europe that went through eleven editions in the original Flemish, and the word "pallierter" has been added to the vocabulary of Belgium and Holland to describe what we call 'the joy of living.' Then there is also Arpad Ferenczy's novel founded on the social life of the ants, called "The Ants of Timothy Thummel." Ferenczy is a Hungarian. This is not a translation. Ferenczy's publisher in Budapest had no paper on which to print the original book, written in Hungarian, at the end of the war; so Ferenczy wrote a completely new book in English, which is now being translated back into Hungarian! Whence, turning from insect to bird life, here is Charles Derennes's "The Life of the Bat," a translation from the French by Louise Collier Willcox, a sentimental best-seller which makes that much maligned creature, the bat, as interesting as Fabre used to make his entomology.

W. L. George's latest novel, with a jacket which is a crude adaptation of one of Kay Nielsen's exquisite paintings, is called "The Timers," true stories of the old West, a



thorough-going cad whom Mr. George makes no attempt to justify. Another sort of entomology—truly the study of an insect! Frederick R. Bechdolt, who once did such a notable convict novel with Jimmy Hopper, has put forth "Tales of the 'Old-Timers,'" true stories of the old West, a book we really mean to sit down and peruse, as we are fond of *Billy the Kid* and such historic happenings as the Lincoln County Cattle War. Then there's Gilbert Gabriel's "Brownstone Front," a novel of the days of the bicycle's heyday, when—to steal a good remark from the publishers (Century) "bicycle bloomers were a young wives' tale"—you remember—when Nellie Melba was singing opéra and most of the rest of us were singing:

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you;
Though it breaks my heart to go!
Something tells me I am needed
At the front to fight the foe!
Hark, I hear the bugle calling
And I can—no—longer—stay;
See! The boys in blue are merrrrr-ing!
Good-bye—Doll—ee—Gray!

We'll bank on Gilly's novel. George Jean Nathan has launched his eighth manifesto, "Materia Critica." Nathan is called by European critics the foremost figure in American dramatic criticism, as he is certainly the most lively. And—an event—John Crowe Ransom's "Chills and Fever" is out, a book of poems that is an olive and an artichoke and a paté de fois gras and a truffle and a helping of caviare all in one. We don't know and don't care whether it is great poetry or not, it is certainly diverting and exhilarating and like no other poetry being written, except that there is occasionally a faint reminiscence of the method of Mr. Ransom's friend and compeer Mr. Robert Graves. So we say—an event, from the calliope to the giraffe. An event as the interloping acrobats under the big top are events. Mr. Ransom juggles philosophies like bright-coloured balls and rarely misses. Do you like essays? Well, anyway, we think you will like "Leviathan" by William Bolitho. This is no mere mild-mannered musing. Read it and see. It'll be a surprise. "Aren't you ever going to sleep?" objected the Phoenix. "Your candle's nearly burned out anyway!" Therefore—from among the tombs!

W. R. B.

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